CELEBRATED COMEDIANS

STRANG

LIBRARY

Brigham Young University

Call No. 780.92 St81 Copy 2

CELEBRATED COMEDIANS

OF

LIGHT OPERA AND MUSICAL COMEDY IN AMERICA

Stage Lovers' Series

Famous Actresses of the Day in America
Prima Donnas and Soubrettes of Light Opera and Musical Comedy in America
Famous Actors of the Day in America
Celebrated Comedians of Light Opera and Musical Comedy in America
David Garrick and His Contemporaries
The Kembles and Their Contemporaries
Kean and Booth and Their Contemporaries
Macready and Forrest and Their Contemporaries
Edwin Booth and His Contemporaries

L. C. PAGE & COMPANY
212 Summer St., Boston, Mass.
Publishers

Francis Wilson
(in Erminie)

ML
400
.S89

Celebrated Comedians

of

Light Opera and Musical Comedy

in America

By

Lewis C. Strang

ILLUSTRATED

Boston

L. C. Page and Company

(Incorporated)

1901

Copyright, 1900
By L. C. Page & Company
(incorporated)

All rights reserved

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY
PROVO, UTAH

Colonial Press
Electrotyped and Printed by C. H. Simonds & Co.
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	Introductory	11
II.	Francis Wilson	18
III.	James T. Powers	44
IV.	Walter Jones	54
V.	DeWolf Hopper	63
VI.	Richard Golden	91
VII.	Dutch Comedy and Its Delineators	102
VIII.	Thomas Q. Seabrooke	118
IX.	Frank Daniels	141
X.	Jerome Sykes	154
XI.	Dan Daly	168
XII.	Henry Clay Barnabee	176
XIII.	Henry E. Dixey	189
XIV.	Otis Harlan	208
XV.	Richard Carle	217
XVI.	Digby Bell	224
XVII.	Jefferson DeAngelis	236
XVIII.	Peter F. Dailey	256
XIX.	Light Comedy in Opera and Its Exponents	265

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE

FRANCIS WILSON as Cadeaux in "Erminie" *Frontispiece*

FRANCIS WILSON in "Half-a-King" . . 40

JAMES T. POWERS as Flipper in "A Runaway Girl" 44

WALTER JONES 54

DEWOLF HOPPER in "The Charlatan" . 63

DEWOLF HOPPER in "El Capitan" . . 88

RICHARD GOLDEN 91

JOSEPH WEBER 102

LOU M. FIELDS 104

THE ROGERS BROTHERS 108

SAM BERNARD 114

THOMAS Q. SEABROOKE 118

FRANK DANIELS in "The Ameer" . . 141

JEROME SYKES 154

JEROME SYKES as Foxy Quiller in "The Highwayman" 158
DAN DALY in "The Lady Slavey" . . 168
HENRY CLAY BARNABEE in "Robin Hood" 176
HENRY E. DIXEY in "The Adventures of François" 189
OTIS HARLAN in "A Black Sheep" . . 208
RICHARD CARLE 217
DIGBY BELL in "Jupiter" 224
JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS in "The Jolly Musketeer" 236
PETER F. DAILEY 256
CYRIL SCOTT in "A Runaway Girl" . . 265
HARRY DAVENPORT 274

CELEBRATED COMEDIANS.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE men of especial prominence in light opera in the United States are by no means as numerous as the women of high rank in the same line of work, and thus the compiler's selection of the persons to be considered in a volume dealing with the operatic comedian can be made without great accompanying embarrassment. Biographical material regarding the men is also much more plentiful, and much more easily obtained,

than data regarding the women. The chief reason for this is that the men have more material to furnish. Without exception, every man, regarded by the public as firmly established in light opera or musical comedy, has won his place by hard work. He is not a sudden, unaccountable growth, but he has been years in arriving, and behind him is a career, embracing in many cases practically every form of dramatic art.

The average man in the musical field of the drama has, therefore, in point of service, a better claim to consideration as an artist than the average woman in the same field. He, at least, may be said to have mastered the fundamentals of his trade. Although the prime reason for his success may be an eccentric personality or an odd physical equipment, he may justly claim, even at that, to have learned by experience and by experiment how best to use these personal peculiarities. Furthermore, no one can for a

moment doubt the existence of unusual comic talent in these men, though their crude jests and buffoon tricks would often tempt one into declaring that they have no conception of real wit nor of genuine humour.

In the face of this almost ideal combination of comic talent with personality and a varied experience, the question immediately suggests itself, How is it that the comedian in opera is so often a clown and so seldom an artist? It is well to explain, possibly, that by a clown is meant a player who introduces comic business and lines into a dramatic action without a logical reason for their existence, who makes no pretence of character exposition, but, for the sake of the laugh, resorts to "gagging," and every variety of "monkey-shine" that his ingenuity can suggest. Of course no generalisation can explain all the whys and wherefores of the doings of the individual, but I think a fair reason for the shortcomings of the operatic

comedian may be found among the following causes:

Primarily, there is the necessity for obtaining popular success. No enterprise on the stage involves a greater outlay of money before a cent is taken in at the door than a musical production. Moreover, the failure of such a production means not only a great forfeiture of money by all concerned, but it means as well a considerable loss of prestige by the comedian, whose name is so closely connected with the venture. This feeling, that the approval of the public must be gained at all hazards, of itself kills originality in the actor who is not morally courageous, or who is in the least timid regarding his ability. He is afraid to experiment. Moreover, should the actor dare to be original, and should failure ensue, he is then actually obliged to resort to any device in a wild effort to save the piece from total wreck. Thus, in "Cyrano de Bergerac," Francis Wilson at-

tempted something new, and failed. The outlay in furthering the experiment had been great, and, in an endeavour to make the opera pay to a degree, and to recover at least a portion of the money invested, Mr. Wilson turned a study of character into an exhibition of Francis Wilson.

Secondly, there is the proneness of the theatre-going public to demand that an actor continue indefinitely in the line of parts in which he has made his greatest successes. This condition of affairs, however, is always as much the fault of the player as it is of the public. I doubt if the public ever failed to appreciate an artistic and powerful character creation in a striking environment, simply because the actor presenting that characterisation had entered a field strange and unexplored as far as he was concerned.

Thirdly, there is the force of habit. It is undoubtedly an effort to break away from clowning propensities long indulged

in. Tricks of that kind grow on one until they become second nature. Take the case of DeWolf Hopper, for example. He showed early in his career that he was not without ability as a character actor. Since he has reached starring eminence, however, he has consistently played the buffoon. If he were asked why he never tried something of more value artistically, he would probably answer that public opinion was against it. I do not believe that is true. On the contrary, I am inclined to think that the novelty of seeing Hopper act — if he acted well, and if the opera in which he acted were worthy — would prove a drawing attraction of remarkable power. The truth is, in Hopper's case the habit of clowning has become so fixed that he cannot break away from it without more effort than he cares to make.

The buffoon we shall always have with us, and he is not without his legitimate uses in the wide range of theatrical entertainment.

What is objected to is, not his existence, but his domination. The proper field of the operatic comedian is low comedy, where there is ample opportunity for him to exhibit acting as an art. Clowning, even in its most subtle aspects, is merely trading on instinct.

CHAPTER II.

FRANCIS WILSON.

ALTHOUGH Francis Wilson cannot be said to have made any startling advance in his art since the halcyon days of the old Casino Company in New York, when his impersonation of Cadeaux in "Erminie" brought him into popular favour in so extraordinary a fashion, nevertheless at the present moment he is generally accorded first place among the light opera comedians in this country. If one limit him to his own peculiar field of burlesque operetta, it is safe to add that his supremacy has never been seriously challenged since he came into prominence. The reason for Francis Wilson's long continued leadership is not so much that he is a man

of unusual talent as that he, almost alone of his contemporaries, learned before his habits were immutably fixed the necessity of going outside of his own narrow and limited experience for inspiration in his work; he learned that it was dangerous to rely too long on the meagre supply of amusing tricks that so often constitute the whole technical equipment of a professional buffoon. Mr. Wilson has, going hand in hand with his ability as an entertainer, the impersonating instinct of the true actor. He has an intuition for character exposition, and, because of that instinct and that intuition, his clowning has a background of solidity and histrionic strength never felt in the clowning of the man who merely plays himself.

Francis Wilson's training has been long, severe, and thorough. He started humbly enough as a negro minstrel, and he had his apprenticeship experience with the conventional drama in the stock company of the

Chestnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia. His reputation in the light opera field did not come to him with a rush, — it was not born in a night to fade away in a day. He laboured faithfully with the McCaull Opera Company and at the Casino before he was recognised as of stellar proportions. It may fairly be claimed of him that he earned all that came to him, and, in declaring that of recent years he has given the public nothing that could compare in artistic finish with his thief in "Erminie," it must also be borne in mind that operatic parts of the calibre of Cadeaux are so rare that, even at this late day, Cadeaux stands practically unique.

Mr. Wilson has been especially fortunate in avoiding conventionality and sameness in his characterisations. Even in parts of undeniable similiarity, he has been consistently inventive and resourceful. His originality and his artistic attainments have kept him from becoming wholly a routine actor, when

circumstances seemed to have conspired to keep him faithfully to the single rut in the road that sooner or later wrecks a reputation. By thus dodging the almost inevitable, he has constantly kept the theatre-going public interested in his work. There is continually abroad the feeling regarding him that some day he will surprise somebody. For Francis Wilson, in spite of the many years that he has been a prominent figure in the theatrical world, and in spite of the fact that he has made recently no appreciable advance in his art, has never yet forced on one the impression that he has reached his limit. His is an optimistic temperament that inspires optimism.

Francis Wilson was born in Philadelphia on February 7, 1854. His parents were Quakers, as were his ancestors for many generations back, and it was his parents' intention that he should receive a good commercial education, and live a sedate business

life. Instead of that, however, he became a negro minstrel. How that happened Wilson tells himself:

"I was stage-struck from early youth, and nothing pleased me so much as to attend a performance at one of the Philadelphia theatres. I was blessed with a retentive memory, and could easily master the lines of a good part of every play witnessed. As soon as possible, I would write down all that I remembered, fill in the blanks with dialogue of my own invention, and then the whole concoction would be produced in the cellar, or, possibly, if it seemed especially good, in the home of some one of my schoolboy friends.

"When I was ten years old, I was dividing my attention between my lessons at school and the practice of jig-stepping in the cellar. I remember of reading in James Rees's life of Forrest that the great tragedian advised actors to learn singing to give grace to the

voice, fencing to give grace to the hand, and dancing to give grace to the body. I accordingly mastered many difficult dancing steps, and even got so that I could sing a song fairly well. One day I sought out 'Billy' Wright, who was performing in a Philadelphia concert-hall. He whistled the 'Essence of Ole Virginny' for me while I jigged away as best I could.

"My efficiency in the art of jigging secured me an engagement to appear with a minstrel company in Third Street, managed by Sam Sanford. I was called Master Johnny on the playbills, and my first public effort was in the familiar negro farce called 'The Virginia Mummy.' I could not realise that I had become a full-fledged professional until I received my earnings on salary day, all in pennies. My parents knew nothing of my enterprise, and I didn't intend that they should. I used to dodge in and out of my room without the knowledge of any one in

the household, and all went well until my mother began to wonder why the sheets and pillow-cases on my bed were so dirty. It was the burnt cork, which I never had time properly to wash from my face and hands, that had discoloured them. So I was watched, and it was not long before it was discovered just what I was up to."

Then followed trials and tribulations for the youthful aspirant for theatrical honours. Home discipline could not cure him, however, and the first opportunity found him back at Sanford's. Of course there was more home discipline, and more running away, until, at last, young Wilson threw aside all restraint, and cast his lot for good and all with his beloved minstrels. Besides playing at Sanford's, he travelled in the West with Birch, Wambold, and Backus.

"But I had high aspirations," continued Mr. Wilson, "and the life of a minstrel did not altogether suit me. I got Sanford to

give me a letter of introduction to E. L. Davenport, then at the Chestnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia. Davenport was such a big man, and I was such a small boy, that I hesitated before I faced him. I went out to Fairmount Park to take a walk and think over the matter. As I came to the bridge over the Schuylkill, I took out that precious letter, and thought I would read it. Letters of introduction are always open, and, therefore, always flattering to the introduced party, and I hoped a peep at the contents might brace up my courage a bit. It was a windy day, and, while I read, the letter was blown into the river. I didn't have the courage to ask Sanford for another letter, and, as I was half afraid of Davenport anyway, I dropped my high tragedy ideas for awhile."

It was shortly after this that Wilson formed a partnership with James Mackin, and the singing and dancing team of Mackin and Wilson very soon became a favourite feature of

minstrel and variety shows. The two pooled their interests in Indianapolis, and were almost immediately summoned to New York to play an extended engagement with Birch, Wambold, and Backus's San Francisco Minstrels. After that Tom Maguire took them to San Francisco to become members of one of the most notable minstrel companies ever gotten together. Two years in Chicago with Arlington, Cotton, and Kemble were followed by an engagement in New York in Josh Hart's Theatre Comique, Harrigan and Hart being the principal members of the company. This practically ended Wilson's minstrel experience.

"I began in San Francisco to look longingly toward legitimate work," said Mr. Wilson, "and William H. Crane gave me the first words of encouragement to persevere in my purpose. Mackin knew of my aspirations, and often derided me, both in private and in public, for my temerity in looking

upward. I bore his verbal strictures with comparative indifference, but when he undertook to knock the ambition out of my head with his fists, I made up my mind it was time to square matters. Accordingly, I took boxing lessons in Chicago of Col. T. H. Monstery, a prominent teacher of the art of self-defence, and soon showed my pugnacious partner that I was his master at the game. In the future he avoided physical discomfort by treating me with courteous consideration. Colonel Monstery also taught me how to use the foils, and I entered the sword contests in the Gilmore Garden games in 1876, winning, with the help of his careful coaching, the amateur championship of America."

Mr. Wilson acknowledges that he perfected himself in fencing, with the hope that a knowledge of the art would help him in his ambition to become an actor of tragedy. He had even committed to memory a number of Shakespearian parts, and had selected the

rôles in which he thought that he could make a success. He thought that a period of training in stock work would do him no harm, so he gave up the seventy-five dollars a week, which he was making as his share of the profits with Mackin, and applied to William D. Gemmill for a place in the stock company of the Chestnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia. Thus in 1877 he ceased being a negro minstrel, and became a general utility man at a salary of fifteen dollars a week. In the course of the season he also became fencing master to the company, and some of his pupils were Charles Bradshaw, William E. Sheridan, William J. Ferguson, Frank W. Sanger, and A. H. Canby, who was afterward Wilson's manager.

"I imagined," remarked Mr. Wilson, "that my forte would be the very serious parts, and I never dreamed that I could be successful in humourous rôles. After the production of 'Hamlet,' for which, by the way, I ar-

ranged the duel in the last act, I was cast for the part of Farmer Banks in 'Wild Oats.' I remember I had to say, 'Nay, nay, you shall not pass this gate except over my dead body.' I was dead letter perfect a week before the comedy was produced, and, in addition to my own part, I committed to memory the lines of several of the other characters. One night the man who played Lamp, the theatrical manager, was unable to appear, and I was given the part. I think that was the happiest night of my professional career. I made a fair success-being twice recalled, and later I also made something of a hit as Cool in 'London Assurance.'"

The next season Mr. Wilson received an increase in salary of five dollars a week, and as Charles Stanley, the leading comedian, elected to play many of the character parts, much of the low comedy fell into Wilson's hands. His success in this line of work

knocked all the tragedy out of him, and he made up his mind to follow the advice of William Daly, the stage-manager, who said to him after his performance of Lamp: "Young man, you keep on like that, and you'll be playing leading comedy. The idea of a fellow with such legs and such a nose aspiring to serious work."

For ten weeks Mr. Wilson acted the Judge and Templeton Fake in "M'liss" with Annie Pixley, and then returned to the Chestnut Street Theatre to play second comedy characters, among them Sam Gerridge in "Caste," and Sergeant Jones in "Ours." Before the season was over, however, he obtained his release from the stock company, and appeared as the Baron, a serio-comic heavy part in "Our Goblins." He remained with this attraction the succeeding season. The company finally went to smash in San Francisco, and it was there that Wilson made his first appearance in opera, taking the part of Ad-

miral Porter, K. C. B., in a production of "Pinafore."

In 1882, when he became leading comedian of the McCaull Opera Company, Mr. Wilson's career in burlesque opera may be said really to have begun. Colonel McCaull had seen Wilson in "Our Goblins," and had liked his work, and when he ran across the comedian in New York out of a job, he offered him an engagement. McCaull was a bit startled when Wilson demanded one hundred dollars a week. "I thought if I asked a big price, McCaull would think more of me," was the way Wilson explained it. The negotiations came to naught. A few weeks after that McCaull again met Wilson on the street, and asked him what he was doing. "Nothing," was the reply. "Will you take the part I offered you?" queried the manager. "Yes," answered Wilson, "for one hundred dollars a week." "By thunder, I'll engage you!" exclaimed Mc-

Caull, and so began Francis Wilson's fame and fortune. His first part in the McCaull Company was Don Sancho in "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief," at the Casino in New York. It is recorded that Wilson did not make much of a success the first night, but he worked up the part in the succeeding performances until it became quite a feature. He remained with the company three seasons, appearing as Tremolini in "The Princess of Trebizonde," Sigismund in "Prince Methusalem," Balthazar in "The Merry War," Folback in "Falka," and Prutchesko in "Apajune."

When McCaull retired from the Casino, Wilson joined the new Casino company under the management of Rudolph Aronson. Marsillac in "Nanon" was his first part, and this was followed by "Amorita," "The Gipsy Baron," "Erminie," and "Nadjy." Cadeaux in "Erminie" is, without doubt, the part that shows Mr. Wilson at his best. It is in every

way a remarkably fine study of character, and it would be just as effective if it were in a play instead of in an opera. It is consistently conceived throughout, always with a keen appreciation of the theatrically humourous; it is elaborated to the last detail in action, and yet it is never overelaborated, the final result being the crowning subtilty of deceptive spontaneity such as one finds, for example, in Joseph Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle. This deceptive spontaneity is to be found only in the most closely studied and carefully developed impersonations. It is the sure indication of hard, conscientious, and purposeful endeavour, and the effect of unstudied naturalness and instinctive creation that it produces on the spectator is the crowning reward of the player. It may not immediately bring him the loud-voiced approbation of an undiscriminating public, which is wont to value above all else acting that can be seen without opera-glasses, such as Mrs. Leslie

Carter's hysterical outbursts in "Zaza;" but it appeals forcibly to the seeker after genuine art in the theatre, and, more than that, it lives. Concerning Mr. Wilson's work, as illustrated in his Cadeaux, one critic wrote:

"There are, doubtless, men on the stage peculiarly gifted with a quality of infectious humour, simple in its composition, and yet defying analysis; working without rule or method, and dependent entirely for effect on the sympathy of the audience. Such a man was the late Mr. Charles Reed, whose merest utterance, without any apparent device of vocal inflection or accent, without any attempt at facial illustration or gesture of any sort, would set the house a-roaring. Mr. Peter Dailey and Mr. Otis Harlan also occur to me, at the moment, as possessors of this crude but effective faculty. That it is capable of refined development for the higher uses of the theatre has not been proven, though I believe Mr. William Winter has

proclaimed that the art of the minstrel Charles Backus — who, like the others mentioned, had but to open his mouth to make people hold their sides — was not essentially different from that of M. Coquelin. It is quite another matter when one comes to consider the humour of Francis Wilson. Here it is evident always to the student of his methods and effects that nothing is left to chance; nothing to the mirthful sympathy of the audience. Wilson brings to his work in comic opera the care of the student as well as the spirit of the artist. The enunciation of every line indicates discrimination and a nice sense of comic proportions. He would seem to have investigated the anatomy of merriment, as Burton did that of melancholy, and to have learned every muscle, joint, and nerve in the make-up of jollity. The seeming spontaneity of his humour only proves the more the thoroughness of his mechanism. He is something more than

the buffoon and clown; he is a character actor. Therein lies the chief source of his superiority over other performers of his kind. In all the essential virtues of consistency, illusion, and appropriate detail, Mr. Wilson's Cadeaux is an impersonation to the last degree dramatic. And the same holds true of his Merry Monarch, Lion Tamer, and other characterisations. They are intelligently conceived and skilfully wrought-out impersonations, — the works of an actor, not of a mere minstrel. Mr. Wilson owes much of his popularity and prosperity to the fun that was born in him; but all that is best in his achievements he owes to the zealous and intelligent care with which he has imparted to his work qualities that do not ordinarily attach to endeavours of comic opera."

In this connection it is interesting to read Mr. Wilson's own description of the way in which he studies and develops his rôles:

"The production of effects in burlesque

opera is, I fancy, due to the intelligence and care with which these effects are rehearsed. Dependence upon the inspiration of the moment, as Mr. Jefferson so ably points out in the concluding chapters of his autobiography, is rather a doubtful proceeding. Sometimes inspiration deigns to put in an appearance, and all is as smooth as desired; but in the majority of cases it is *non est*, and the result is chaos. My spontaneity is always carefully studied. Having once learned the lines and partly knowing the music, I rehearse for three or four hours a day before a looking-glass. I get down each exact intonation, try various sorts of gestures until I decide upon those which will be the funniest to the audience. Having settled that, I study a new set of inflections and gestures for possible encores. I do not believe that such a thing as impromptu business exists on the stage. Then the success of a burlesque opera largely depends upon such effect as a clever stage-

manager introduces. He must keep his people constantly active, and with some purpose. He must not allow the performance to lag for an instant. Single scenes must depend largely upon the individual actor; but where a number of persons are together, their picturesque dispositions, the harmony and colour, and particularly the tableaux, are all important. As to my dancing, it seems to be a popular impression that my legs do duty for my voice. Dancing is not a mere matter of legs. The audience not only watches the legs of a favourite dancer, but it also observes his eyes. The end of the dance that calls forth applause depends more on the expression of the face than on any movement of the feet. The hands play as great a part in dancing as the feet. To what do I attribute my success in burlesque opera? Well, I imagine that it is principally due to the manner in which I work. I like the stage, and love to act. From the moment I appear I enter with zest

into the fun of the performance, and the humour is all from the heart. And what comes from the heart is always convincing."

Mr. Wilson left the New York Casino, and started forth as a star on his own account in 1889. His first production was "The Oolah," made at the Broadway Theatre, New York. The libretto was practically rewritten by J. Cheever Goodwin after the first performance, and as Lecocq's score in its entirety was thought to be above the heads of the comic opera public, various "popular" melodies were introduced. After these changes "The Oolah" ran for nearly six months in New York. During the latter part of the season of 1889–90 Gilbert and Sullivan's opera, "The Gondoliers," was brought out, and the following fall saw the production of "The Merry Monarch." "The Lion Tamer" came next, and the season of 1893–94 was devoted to a revival of "Erminie." After this followed in order "The Devil's Deputy,"

"Half-a-King," "The Chieftain," "The Little Corporal," and "Cyrano de Bergerac."

All off a piece in this list were "The Oolah," "The Merry Monarch," "The Lion Tamer," "The Devil's Deputy," and "Half-a-King." They were not exhaustive in their demands on the highest in Mr. Wilson's art; they were satisfied with physical agility, personal good humour, eccentric quips, and illogical oddities. "The Chieftain" was not an alarmingly brilliant work, but it gave Mr. Wilson a chance to break away from traditional horse-play and clowning. He was merry and frolicsome as Peter Adolphus Grigg, and, although his impersonation was of a decidedly Wilsonish flavour, it was temperate and restrained. The public, however, did not seem to care for this sort of thing from the comedian. "The Little Corporal," too, was an effort to break away from undisguised buffoonery, and Mr. Wilson's semi-burlesque on Napoleon was decidedly enter-

Copyright 1889 by B. J. Falk.

FRANCIS WILSON
in "Half-a-King."

taining. "Cyrano de Bergerac," on the other hand, was really dull. Mr. Wilson tried to liven it up with a rapid fire of epigrammatical and paradoxical wit, which also became dreadfully wearisome before the long three acts were over. The case was set forth in the best possible light by Lyman B. Glover, of Chicago, who wrote:

"A fair illustration of what one man can accomplish through sheer force of talent and magnetism was provided last week in the burlesque on 'Cyrano' at the Columbia. Strictly speaking, it is gross flattery to designate this as a burlesque upon Rostand's famous work. Yet it was intended to be a travesty by the authors, and, thanks almost exclusively to the cleverness of Mr. Wilson, audiences were enabled to accept it with favour as a breezy bit of fooling. A genuine romance always provides the best material for a travesty, and, while the author did not improve the opportunity in this instance of

topsy-turvyism, Mr. Wilson's performance made amends for any sin of omission or commission on the part of the overworked librettist. As I have already intimated, this nimble and versatile comedian came very near being the whole thing, and I doubt if there would have been a word of criticism from any quarter if he had contrived to remain on the stage all of the time. Years ago, after he left the Casino, Mr. Wilson snatched victory from defeat in the case of 'The Oolah,' just as he now triumphs with 'Cyrano,' which at its inception was thought to be deadly dull. So resourceful a fun-maker, who makes grist of everything that comes to his mill, and with his own versatile jollity, set in a stirring array of well-drilled people, Mr. Wilson worked out the salvation of the burlesque 'Cyrano.' The music of the opera we may speak of with bated breath, wondering what ailed Victor Herbert when he suffered this particular spasm. The lyrics we

pass by in silence, but the infectious good humour of Francis Wilson, who is, indeed, 'a fellow of infinite jest,' commands our enthusiastic approval. The world would be merrier if there were more like him."

CHAPTER III.

JAMES T. POWERS.

JAMES T. POWERS has never presented a more finished specimen of the actor's art than his impersonation of Flipper, the comical little jockey in "A Runaway Girl." So much has he made the part his own, that one feels quite safe in declaring that he is far more responsible for the character than the author of the play. When one has seen only a single actor in a rôle, and when that actor has filled it so completely that there is no room left even for a mental image of some one else, it is difficult to trace the process of evolution backward and figure out what the part would be without the actor. The feat is accomplished by a proc-

JAMES T. POWERS
as Flipper in "A Runaway Girl."

ess of elimination, by cutting out business, extra bits of pantomime, and everything of that kind, and then sizing up, as fairly as possible, what is left. I acknowledge that there is nothing especially enjoyable in thus analysing one's self into a state of disillusionment, — it is not unlike a child examining the sawdust interior of his favourite doll, — but it is really the only way to get a notion of what Mr. Powers did for Flipper.

While thinking of Flipper, I recalled a number of comic creations that will always live in the history of the stage. E. A. Sothern's Lord Dundreary was one. Joseph Jefferson's Salem Scudder was another. William Warren's Sir Peter Teazle was a third. I am not going to put Powers in the list, — not just yet, at any rate. Besides, Flipper's surroundings are not conducive to a venerable age. Musical comedy lives too fast to live long. Mr. Powers's method, however, does parallel the methods of the

actors that have given us the great comedy impersonations of the stage. Powers built up his part gradually from none too much nor none too worthy material. He never for a moment regarded his impersonation as complete. He elaborated continually with infinite resource and a sure instinct for effect, until his performance became remarkable for its breadth of pantomimic expression.

As Flipper was finally presented by Mr. Powers, nearly every speech given to the character could have been cut out, and the impersonation would have been scarcely less vivid, and only a trifle less effective. This pantomime, moreover, was not of the French school, essentially artificial and forced; it did not attempt to convey Flipper's thoughts and actions by means of conventional gestures; it was not satisfied with a superficial reading of his motives. Mr. Powers's pantomimic art did not seem to appeal first to the eye and then to the mind. He apparently

aimed directly at the imagination, and in doing so he never condescended to prosy explanations ; he suggested — by the flick of an eyebrow, it would seem — a vast experience.

In the matter of gesture, indeed, Mr. Powers was sparing. He often stood in that favourite posture, his hands in the pockets of his odd little coat, for seconds at a time, mirroring on a countenance that was of itself irresistible comedy, emotion after emotion, simple-minded and democratic honesty, embarrassment, shame-faced ignorance, fear, and bravado. Do not think, either, that all this was done by means of facial gymnastics fearful to contemplate. Mr. Powers knew a better way of making himself understood than by grimaces alone. He first fixed in his own mind the emotion that he wished to convey ; he himself felt it, and instantly, by that sure telepathy that makes possible the school of repression in acting, the spectator comprehended it.

Although the atmosphere of the character was one of gentle burlesque, Mr. Powers made Flipper wonderfully real, thoroughly understandable, and faithful to human nature, even in his eccentricities. Especially was he profoundly unconscious of his own comedy possibilities. To be sure, he would doubtless have boasted freely of his pretty wit, and perhaps air it as evidence of his truthfulness. Nevertheless, Flipper, in his own eyes, was not a humourous personage, and he regarded seriously the difficulties under which he so continually laboured, and he never could figure out to his own satisfaction why strangers were so wont to laugh at him.

On its low comedy plane Mr. Powers's Flipper was a great study of character, and many a sober-minded actor, with a sepulchral voice, has vaunted himself much over a tragedy part that did not represent half the earnestness of purpose, half the artistic sincerity, nor require half the amount of honest work

that was put into the development of that same comical little jockey.

James T. Powers was born in New York City on April 26, 1862. He attended the public schools until he was old enough to go to work, and then he became a Western Union messenger boy. This was followed by a clerkship in a tea-store. Powers lost this job through an accident. He was sent into the cellar one day to draw a can of petroleum oil from the barrel, and, while the can was filling, he amused himself by turning handsprings. One flop failed to go just as it should, and the performer came down on his head with sufficient force to make him insensible. By and by the proprietor of the store went down cellar to see what was detaining his clerk so long, and he found the youth almost drowned in the oil. Discharge and the stage followed.

Powers made his first professional appearance in May, 1878, in a small variety theatre

at Long Branch, N. J., as a singer and a dancer. A year later he formed a partnership with James Carney, and the pair remained together in the varieties for two years. After they separated, in 1881, Powers played for six months in the stock company at Aberle's Eighth Street Theatre in New York, until his love of mischief got him into trouble. In one of the plays an actor named Johnson had to descend through a trap. One night, while he was going down, Powers pulled a string fastened to the cover of a tank of water beneath the trap, and Mr. Johnson was thoroughly ducked. It was a case where apologies were not in order, and Powers sought pastures new.

During the year 1882 Powers played the policeman in Rice's "Evangeline," Chip, the photographer, in Willie Edouin's "Dreams," and Grimes in "A Bunch of Keys." In 1883 he went to London with Willie Edouin, playing with him at the London Avenue

Theatre and in the provinces. Then he took Fawdon Vokes's place with the Vokes family, and travelled with the company in England and Ireland. In Henderson and Farnie's "Chilperic," he spoke the first lines ever given on the stage of the Empire Theatre in London, and in addition scored the biggest success that he had known up to that time. He spent the pantomime season of 1884–85 at the Drury Lane Theatre, playing the Emperor of Morocco in "Whittington and His Cat." After this Augustus Harris offered him a three years' engagement in his stock company, but Powers preferred to return home.

In the spring of 1885 he took the part of Rats, the tough boy, in Hoyt's "A Tin Soldier," which he acted for two years until he succeeded Francis Wilson at the Casino in New York. His first character there was Brioletin, in "The Marquis," in which his burlesque of a ballet dancer was considered

about the funniest thing that ever was. Faragas in "Nadjy," Jack Point in "The Yeoman of the Guard," Gravolet in "The Drum Major," and Cadeaux in "Erminie" followed.

Mr. Powers started forth as a star in 1890. He was very successful in the farce comedy, "A Straight Tip," which he played for two seasons, and then his luck turned. "A Mad Bargain," "Walker, London," and "The New Boy" each lasted a season, but none of them scored heavily.

The most ambitious of the plays was "Walker, London," a farce comedy by J. M. Barrie. The plot dealt with the trials and tribulations of Jasper Phipps, a barber with social aspirations, whose desire to mingle with the swells sent him forth on his honeymoon before the marriage ceremony, which ordinarily precedes that delightful experience, had been performed. Jasper succeeded in joining a houseboat party on the Thames, under the assumed name of Colonel Neill, an

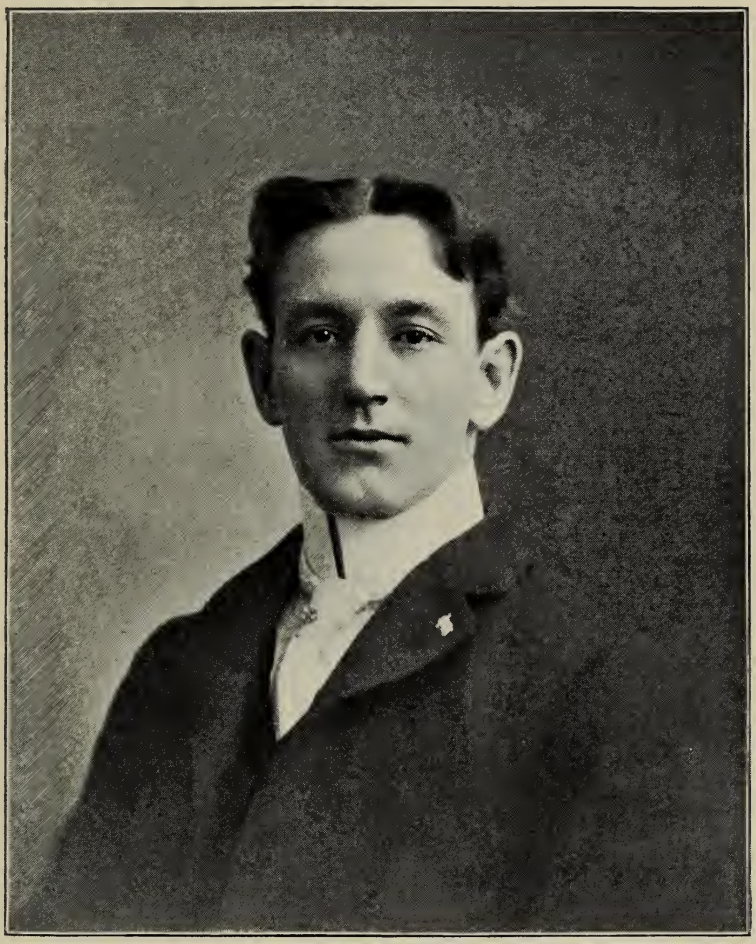
African explorer. Many were his troubles in trying to live up to his character, and at the same time be true to his betrothed, in the face of a desperate flirtation with two pretty girls. The play was really a very good one, — perhaps a little too good. Its fun was in the main spontaneous, and its characters were capitally drawn. Mr. Powers's Jasper was most humourously presented. The various intonations that he gave to the constantly recurring phrase, "Oh, it's nothing," were finely effective in a comedy way, and the odd laugh that served to conceal many a bad break was masterly.

In the spring of 1897 Mr. Powers appeared as the comedian of the Augustin Daly Musical Comedy Company. In "The Circus Girl," his Augustus Biggs, the timid little fellow who wrestled with the Terrible Turk, was the dominating figure. This was followed by the Chinaman in "The Geisha" and Flipper in "A Runaway Girl."

CHAPTER IV.

WALTER JONES.

LATE in the eighties Walter Jones was playing, throughout the West, Passepartout in Kiralfy's "Around the World in Eighty Days." One day the train on which he was travelling stopped near a hay-field for the purpose of cooling a hot box on the engine. From a haystack not far away crawled forth a specimen of the genus hobo that at once caught Mr. Jones's attention. He describes the tramp as just a little the worst scarecrow imaginable. Thoughtlessly and in a spirit of fun Mr. Jones made a sketch of the fellow in lead-pencil. He never expected to make any use of it, but sometime afterward he was left in the lurch in San Francisco. There was



WALTER JONES.

nothing to be done except to fix up some sort of a "turn" and play the variety theatres and gambling resorts of the Pacific Coast until enough money was secured to take the actor back to New York. While Mr. Jones was trying to figure out just what this turn should be, he chanced to find the old tramp picture at the bottom of his trunk. With this as a model, he arranged his make-up. The tramp's soliloquy was also his own idea, although W. A. Mestayer was responsible for some of the "gags."

Although his tramp served the main reason for his existence and removed Mr. Jones from California, he did not bring him immediate fame. For four seasons after that Mr. Jones was with Mr. Mestayer, playing first the Dude in "We, Us, and Co.," and then appearing in "The Tourist" and in "The Grab Bag." His next engagement was with "Aunt Bridget's Baby," in which he played Owen McFee, the opposite character to George

Munroe. A season in "The United States Mail" followed. For two years after that he acted Snapper in "The Pulse of New York," and then Edward E. Rice discovered him while he was filling a date at the Grand Opera House in Boston.

As far as can be learned, Mr. Jones was drawing about twenty-five dollars a week for his really clever work in a character part. His admirers contended that he was playing a part worth two hundred and fifty dollars a week, but there was a difference of opinion between them and the managers of the company. A well-known theatrical manager had occasion to visit the Grand Opera House on business with the manager of the theatre. While waiting in the house, he dropped into a box, and, just as he did so, Jones came on the stage and did his tramp specialty. He was rehearsing before the manager who was to discover him, but he did not know it. The manager watched him with interest. The

people in the audience were convulsed with laughter over the clever delineation of the hobo character, and the theatrical man also thought that it was the funniest act he ever had seen. He looked at the programme and read the name. He had never seen it before, nor had he heard of the young actor whose antics so amused him. He transacted his business with the front of the house, and left with laughing memories of that comic tramp act dancing in his mind. The same manager went to New York City and the following week attended a supper given by Edward E. Rice. He was called upon to tell a story, and he related his experience with this unique tramp in "The Pulse of New York."

Mr. Rice made up his mind that Walter Jones would be a good discovery. He came to Boston, dropped into a box at the Grand Opera House, saw Jones go through his specialty, and engaged him temporarily to appear as the king in "1492," which Mr.

Rice was about to put on at Palmer's Theatre, in New York, offering him a salary of fifty dollars a week to play the royal part. The production was put on, and the theatrical manager who had given Mr. Rice a suggestion about the young comedian was there to see if Mr. Jones was as good as he had appeared to be in Boston. Jones was just the same, perhaps even better, and he awoke the next morning to find himself a famous tramp-king. Mr. Rice made a permanent contract with him, and as long as "1492" ran in New York, Jones was the king, the tramp, and the trump of the show. When "1492" had served its purpose, Mr. Jones appeared as William Tell in "The Passing Show," and in "The Lady Slavey" acted one of the bailiffs with Dan Daly. He was then engaged by Klaw and Erlanger to create the part of the vagabond tragedian in "Gay New York," and the success of that piece on the road was largely due to Walter

Jones's curious presentation of his unique character parts.

In "One Round of Pleasure" Walter Jones was fitted with a vagabond character part particularly adapted to his style of acting. He was the ingenious inventor, Buffingsby Flash, the good-for-nothing, who was responsible for most of the mischief in the piece. Jones's comic entrance on the stage from the top-flies, hanging to an umbrella, will be recalled as an especially ludicrous bit. As William Shakespeare, in the travesty dedicated to the bard, Jones also did excellent work, and as Mr. Pat O'Toole, the first grave-digger in "Hamlet," he was the centre of a burlesque conceit that made something of a hit.

Walter Jones was born in 1871, and was only ten years old when he ran away from his home in Springfield, Ohio, to join a circus. The show was Robinson and Alexander's, and the boy was trained as a tumbler

and leaper, but later was advanced in the business, and clowned it with some of the old-timers who were born and bred in the art. It was after a winter spent as treasurer of the Grand Opera House in Chicago that his first opportunity to act came. This was in a company organised by a Cleveland woman, who had written a melodrama called "Genevieve." The play was very much of a failure on the road, and one fine morning, in Toronto, Jones discovered that the authoress and entire company had skipped, leaving him absolutely penniless in a strange town. He managed to work his way to St. Thomas, where he joined Howard Hall's circus. It was just outside this place that P. T. Barnum's big elephant Jumbo was run into by a train and killed, and Mr. Jones was an eye-witness to the accident. It was at St. Thomas, also, that Mr. Jones became connected with the Kiralfy outfit, with which he journeyed West.

Walter Jones may be termed an intuitive character actor of more than ordinary versatility. After his great hit in "1492" — an accidental hit, many said, declaring that the player had stumbled upon a wonderfully vivid bit of character — it was freely predicted that, with the waning popularity of this impersonation, Mr. Jones would lapse into obscurity. Nothing of the kind happened, however. He followed his tramp with another taking piece of burlesque acting, — an Irish sailor, — conceived and executed in the same capital spirit of humourous caricature. This second hit was repeated in several other like successes, until there is now no question regarding Mr. Jones's knack and talent.

Mr. Jones is frank to say that he does not plan nor study for the effects that he obtains; he possesses the intuitive faculty for doing exactly the right thing at the right time. His foolery is excellent art. His most reck-

less fun abounds in delicate touches, and what makes his tramp so winning and unique are the many lifelike side-lights that shine upon a grotesque and extravagant background.

Personally, Walter Jones is like many other actors, the complete opposite of his stage appearance and character. In real life he is well-made, dignified, and erect. His conversation gives the idea of a fair education, and it is difficult to imagine this smooth-faced, quiet-voiced young man as the hilarious picture of tramp life on the stage, whose voice is as husky as a saw, and whose bedraggled countenance and general air of disreputability tell a somewhat eloquent story of rainy days along country roads and dark nights in country barns.

DEWOLF HOPPER
in "The Charlatan."

CHAPTER V.

DEWOLF HOPPER.

Persons brought into contact with DeWolf Hopper quickly divide themselves into majority and minority factions. The majority — and it is a sizable one, too — like him very much; the minority detest him almost beyond endurance. This is not an especially surprising state of affairs when one examines the conditions. There is a tradition that DeWolf Hopper might have been an actor if he had not chosen to be a clown, a tradition that traces itself back to the time when Hopper made his first notable success as Pittacus Green in the Madison Square Garden production of "Hazel Kirke." The notion was further strengthened by Hopper's

General Ollendorf in "The Beggar Student," and his Pausanias in "The Lady or the Tiger," during the palmy days of the McCaull Opera Company.

However, whatever may have been DeWolf Hopper's potentialities as an artist, he is now only DeWolf Hopper, a conscious buffoon, whose stock in trade is the long legs, which nature gave him, and a classified list of mannerisms that he has collected and preserved with painstaking care. One reason why DeWolf Hopper is consistently followed by a minority of conscientious haters is because he has, during the ten years of his career as a star, shown not the least indication of growth. It takes more than a passing acquaintance with his work to find this out, however. At first, one is inclined to think, just as the Englishmen apparently think to-day, that Hopper is about the most naturally humourous fellow imaginable. His voice, modelled after the involuntary bass

and treble of the schoolboy whose throat mechanism is in that unsettled condition known as "changing," startles one into amazed laughter because of its ludicrous contrast with his six feet and several inches of height. His abnormally long legs and his loose-jointed awkwardness also strike the person but recently introduced to him as vastly amusing.

These things are practically the sum and substance of the DeWolf Hopper equipment, and so adequate to meet all requirements does he consider them, that he has not added to them in any noticeable measure since he became a star. It is an apothegm that in matters of art one cannot stand still; it is either an advance or a retreat, and the person who thinks that he is steadily maintaining the same position is sure, sooner or later, to awaken to the unpleasant fact that he is travelling backward. Unfortunately for himself, DeWolf Hopper is no

exception to this rule, notwithstanding his recent spectacular success in London, and he has, consciously or unconsciously, acknowledged as much, after the brief tour in the United States following his return from abroad, by abandoning his stellar career and joining that refuge for big reputations maintained in New York by Weber and Fields. I am inclined to think that the experience will do him a great deal of good, for the Weber and Fields organisation is certainly not retrogressing, and, judging from the outside, it is no place even for a big reputation to live without work.

William DeWolf Hopper was born in New York on March 30, 1858. The name DeWolf, given him in baptism, was his mother's maiden name, and she was of the family of DeWolf, whose daughters and nieces have become Belmonts, Tiffanys, Perrys, Lawrences, and Aspinwalls. The old homestead of the DeWolfs at Bristol, Rhode Island,

is one of the quaintest among the ancient mansions in the country. There is a wide hallway running through the centre of the house, and in a conspicuous place upon the wall hangs the DeWolf genealogy, beginning in eleven hundred and something with Olaf, "The Sharp-eyed." DeWolf Hopper's father was a lawyer, and he came of Quaker stock, so it will be seen that Hopper's drift toward the theatre was by no means an inherited tendency. As a matter of fact, it was planned that he should follow in his father's footsteps and take up the law, and he studied for six months with that purpose in view. Then he acted in a little amateur play called "Conscience" at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York, and immediately it was all over with Blackstone.

By the death of his father, Hopper came into the possession of some property, about $50,000, and, with the confidence in his own ability born of ignorance and inexperience,

he proceeded to invest this money in a theatrical venture. An organisation, which was named the Criterion Comedy Company, was gotten together, with Jacob Goshe as manager and F. E. Mackay as the stage-manager, and Hopper made his professional début as Talbot Chamneys in "Our Boys." The Criterion Comedy Company also included "Caste" in its repertory, but neither play seemed to find remarkable public favour as acted by the aggregation, and consequently the Criterion Comedy Company concluded to smash. Thus ended the first stage in the process of separating DeWolf Hopper from his money. The gentle operation was continued in a production known as "One Hundred Wives," which exploited Ada Gilman as a star. Hopper once related the story of this enterprise in the following characteristic style:

"With a heart fired with ambition and the dazzling prospects of rich rewards, both

pecuniary and professional, I left New York as manager of 'The Hundred Wives' Company. The gaudy visions of wealth and fame, which lured me far from the metropolis, failed to materialise, but it was a season rich in experiences, and one that I shall never forget. After many vicissitudes we at length reached Meridian, Mississippi. Meridian is a real live town, but a visitor would never suspect it, for its feverish animation is not on the surface. In fact, so far below the surface is it, that it is only when the festive earthquake proceeds to lay bare the innermost recesses of the town's foundation that the stranger really discovers the hustle and bustle which is going on under the seeming calm.

"Being cursed with a lack of profundity, I failed to discover the animation that was the characteristic of this centre of civilisation. I refrained from asking any delicate questions, however, not because I was want-

ing in curiosity, but from a modest disinclination to follow in the footsteps of a certain inquisitive and impertinent Yankee. With an airy freedom, born of beans and Boston east winds, he had requested to be conducted to a graveyard, at the same time insinuating that, in comparison with Meridian, it would be a scene of reckless gaiety. This same breezy stranger incidentally expressed the opinion that the 'progressive citizens' of Meridian 'were dead, and wouldn't lie down.' At a meeting of the 'progressive citizens' it was declared that, though they might be unwilling to accommodate him by assuming a permanently recumbent posture, they could be obliging in other respects. The citizens, therefore, arranged for the stranger's diversion a little surprise party, and called on him in a body one night. In spite of the stranger's reiterated assurances that he had become convinced both of the marked progressiveness of the town and the willing-

ness of its citizens to oblige him, they not only insisted on raising him from the ground by a rope fastened over the limb of a tree, so that from this eminence he could the more easily survey the rampant festivities of Meridian, but afterward conveyed him to the cemetery he pined for, and where he still is.

"To my story. We reached Meridian one Saturday about 11 A.M. It was the day before Christmas. We were determined not to be barred out of giving an extra Christmas matinee, even if we had to give the day before. So we sent a man through the town with a big bell, and a sandwich poster hung either side of him, announcing that the colossal aggregation of talent from New York would give a matinee promptly at twelve o'clock. Twelve o'clock came, and not a nickel in the house. I had often heard this expression used figuratively, but its cold literal significance never dawned on me till then. The advertising man was called in

after consultation, and supplied with a new announcement, which informed the public that the matinee would positively be given at one o'clock. But when the hands pointed to one, to use the language of the advance agent, 'we couldn't get them in.' This is to be taken in a literal sense. After further conferences, our advertising agent was again withdrawn from the public gaze, and we printed a new poster, which set forth that the curtain would positively be rung up at two o'clock, and we also kindly advised the public to come early and avoid the rush. Two o'clock came, and we abandoned all idea of giving a matinee.

"When the audience assembled that night I sized it up through a peep-hole in the curtain. There was not a woman in the house, — nothing but men, — and I discovered, before the performance was half over, that they were in various stages of intoxication. There was not a sober person in the audience.

Fifty-four dollars' worth of masculinity steeped in alcohol witnessed the performance. As I emerged from the stage entrance that night, a fellow, who was so full that whiskey was running out of his ears, stepped up and said: 'Shay, I only saw two aksh of the show, but I'll pay a dollar any time to see the other ak.' While the play was going on, a native walked up to our manager, who was on the door, and wanted to know how much it cost to sit up-stairs. 'Fifty cents,' was the reply. 'I'm going up them steps for a quarter,' was the next announcement, and there immediately ensued an animated discussion between the manager and the native, which was only terminated by the ticket-seller, who was acclimated, pushing the muzzle of a revolver through the box-office window, and saying, 'You'll go down these stairs for nothing, and you'd better go pretty quick.'

"He went, but, determined to get square,

he bought a lot of firecrackers and set them off outside the hall. The drunken audience within enjoyed the noise hugely, thinking it was part of the performance. Here was a case where a man refused to pay twenty-five cents for a seat and squandered about ten dollars on firecrackers. This town was the last straw, so to speak, and then and there I determined to bring my managerial career to an end."

Mr. Hopper's next engagement was in New York with Edward Harrigan in "The Blackbird." He had not learned in those days the value of a big man with a small voice. He had a big voice, and when he wanted to make the point he shouted for all he was worth. This caught the gallery in great shape, and after the first night Hopper went home immensely pleased with the hit he had made. His mother, who had seen the show, evidently was not so much impressed, for when the enthusiastic youth

demanded her opinion regarding his success, she remarked: "Well, Will, I don't know but you'd better go back to the law."

After this, Hopper decided to study singing and go into grand opera, but he came to the conclusion that the trouble was hardly worth the candle, and when Daniel Frohman offered him a place in the Madison Square Theatre Company he gladly accepted it. This was in 1884. During the season he appeared as Pittacus Green in "Hazel Kirke," which was probably the best thing that he did, and Owen Hathaway in "May Blossom." But the operatic ambition was by no means dead, and he again made up his mind to the study for the musical stage.

"It was Annie Louise Cary who first suggested to me that I had a voice," said Mr. Hopper, "and Miss Georgia Cayvan told me the same. I studied under Luigi Meola, and owe it entirely to his training that I have been able to sing continuously

for so many years. There was a time when I essayed Italian flights, and dreamed of fame in grand opera; but, aware of the mutability of a basso-profundo's salaried value, I abandoned ideal vocalisation for less formidable but more profitable 'gagging' arias, and here I am. Of course, I do a little straight singing once in awhile, but, as a rule, the voice is sacrificed to articulation, especially in topical songs. I have a theory that no real actor can study acting to an advantage, for one is apt to acquire the mannerisms of his instructor at the expense of his own originality. I do not believe that the art of producing a real laugh or a real tear is one that can be learned. Of course, there is a certain mechanism, a few details of technique, that one may be taught, and for those I am indebted to Mr. McKay. What little success I have had I owe to a combination of circumstances and to my own enthusiasm. You see, I have a huge time in the

world, enjoy life thoroughly, love my work, and delight in it so much that my audiences laugh with me, not at me, and enjoy themselves because I have such fun myself — except on first nights, when I have that want-to-die feeling. As for the dancing, that is natural, too, save for the lessons I had in twirling around in the waltz as a kid; but, of course, if I see a pretty step anywhere that I do not know, I collar the dancer and make him teach me if I dare.

"What's that? Does it satisfy my ambition? Well, yes and no. It has its compensations. Some years ago there was an actors' fund benefit in Chicago. Before the performance Jeff De Angelis and I were rehearsing the burlesque balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet, when, to my horror, I noticed Signor Salvini looking on from the wings. I thought he would be horrified at our desecration of Shakespeare, but, to my surprise, he began to laugh as soon as it

dawned on him what we were about, and he laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks. Shortly afterward Salvini went on to act the arena scene from 'The Gladiator.' It was the greatest acting I had ever seen, and I was all choked up with emotion. As the representative of the actors' fund, it was incumbent on me to thank Salvini for appearing at the benefit. This I did as he came off the stage, before I had time to control my feelings. As he spoke very little English, I tried to express myself in Italian. The great actor, noticing my emotion, broke in with, 'Your tears speak so much better than your Italian. You also caused the tears to flow — only in a different way.' When I went on to sing my topical song at the regular performance that evening, I could not help contrasting the triviality of my work with that of the great Italian actor, and I almost felt ashamed of my calling. That's one incident."

"What was the other?"

"I'm coming to that. I was playing in Boston some time after that benefit. Between the acts Will Hastings came to me, and exclaimed, while shaking me warmly by the hand, 'God bless you, Hopper! You have done my mother more good than could have been accomplished by all the ministers and doctors on earth.' He then told me that his mother had been inconsolable since the death of his brother, Ed. Hastings. She had been in deep mourning for nearly a year and a half. Nothing seemed to make her forget her great sorrow. That evening he had induced her to take a drive, and, before she had realised where he was taking her, he had her inside the Tremont Theatre. Presently some of my antics attracted her attention, and she broke out in a hearty laugh, and then enjoyed herself hugely throughout the performance. That settled it. I said to myself, Salvini couldn't do that, and I made

up my mind that I wouldn't exchange my capacity for creating wholesome laughter for any other profession in the world."

In the fall of 1885 Mr. Hopper was engaged for the McCaull Opera Company, and, at the last moment, was called upon to take the rôle of Pomeret in "Desiret," which was brought out at the Broad Street Opera House in Philadelphia in October. He made a success of this, and forthwith was established as the main comedian of Colonel McCaull's forces. During the five years that he was under the McCaull banner, Hopper appeared in all sorts of parts, the principal operas being "The Black Hussar," "The Beggar Student," "Die Fiedermaus," "The Lady or the Tiger," "Don Cæsar," "Loraine," "Bellman," "Josephine Sold by Her Sister," "Falka," "Folback," "Boccaccio," "The Crowing Hen," "Clover," "Fatinitza," "The Begum," and "Captain Fracasse." His two most successful characters, and the only

two worthy of especial commendation in the whole list, were General Ollendorf in "The Beggar Student," with its famous song, "In a Moment of Rapture," and Pausanias in "The Lady or the Tiger."

This opera, by the way, came very near failing because it was advertised too well. The libretto, which was written by Sydney Rosenfeld, was founded on Frank Stockton's "The Lady or the Tiger." It will be remembered that the conclusion of this yarn was never divulged by the author, and the result of the hero's choice between the lady and the tiger was a matter of nine days' wonder. There were innumerable heated discussions on the verandas of summer hotels. The comic papers caught the fever, and ingenious burlesques on this fruitful theme were frequent. However, the mystery of "The Lady or the Tiger" remains as deep to-day as ever. It was very natural that the managers of the opera, "The Lady or the Tiger," should have

hit upon this mystery as a potent means for attracting public attention. They succeeded far beyond their wildest dreams. "Indeed," declared Mr. Rosenfeld, in speaking of the instance, "so keenly alive to the solution of that problem were the spectators on the first night that nothing short of a live tiger devouring the unfortunate tenor before their very eyes would have satisfied them. Of course, I couldn't sacrifice a tenor on the altar of art at every performance, and the audience had to go home disappointed. Business actually suffered for several days because of this failure to meet absurd expectations."

With reference to his experience with the McCaull troupe, Mr. Hopper was asked how he worked up his different parts.

"You see this work is entirely different from the drama," he answered. "There one gets his lines, a definite character, something tangible to take hold of, and his work is to interpret what some one else has created.

In light opera there is no drama, no continuity of interest, for that is broken into all the time by ensemble or topical songs. You are an entertainer rather than an actor, though, of course, you must act at all times. I study all the time and everywhere, in the street-cars, driving, at the theatre, and make mental notes of anything interesting. I am an inveterate reader of the newspapers, and I go to sleep with an embryo 'gag' on my tongue. I have played two parts in which I really acted, Ollendorf in 'The Beggar Student,' and Pausanias in 'The Lady or the Tiger;' but in everything else I am only seeking after comic effect. A 'gag' is most palatable when introduced spontaneously, as an outgrowth of the situation, and is most enjoyable if it come impromptu from an unexpected situation. Local allusions, when not lugged in, but suggested by something in the piece, and brought out quickly, always go. An audience likes to feel that it

has heard something new that no one else has been entertained by."

"Do you find it tiresome to remember and sustain your parts?"

"Never, with an appreciative audience. Of course, after you play a part awhile, it becomes a part of your physical being, and the words roll out, and you go through it with no brain effort at all. Then it is, indeed, monotonous, for if you forget the lines, you are lost. You play out in Kalamazoo, where the theatre is beastly and the hotel worse, and where your one thought is to avoid ever going there again, and you play like a machine. Result, if a cog breaks or a wheel sets, you are a wreck, like a machine, and cannot pull yourself together by brain force.

"I remember playing 'Hazel Kirke' in a one night stand out West. I had played Pittacus Green two hundred times, and we hadn't had a prompter for months. I had been to see the Wild West show in the

afternoon, driven around in the Deadwood coach, and the Indians had fired into it until it was full of smoke and wadding. Well, you know the whole plot of 'Hazel Kirke' is in the story Pittacus tells in the first act, and, as I was going through that mechanically, my head full of Indians and cowboys, all of a sudden the lines left me. I couldn't think, neither could the person playing with me. I rushed out, and called for Lord Travers. He came on without any collar, and his hands covered with soap-suds. Well, somehow we managed to wade through, but I don't believe that audience knew whether we played 'Hazel Kirke' or 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' though the piece was so old Mr. Frohman said he wondered that the audience didn't throw me a line.

"Another little experience, illustrating how mechanical acting can become, was in 'The Black Hussar.' Cottrelly and I were supposed to be asleep, but in my sleep I had to

tackle a little musical phrase. It was difficult to hit the note just right, and sound it clearly, so I always approached that phrase with apprehension and caution. On this occasion I suddenly realised that we had passed that point in the act, but I had not the slightest remembrance of singing the phrase. I thought I must have been really asleep, until after the act, when I inquired and found that I had sung the phrase at the right time and with better execution than usual.

"But the most dangerous and hopeless thing to go up in is a topical verse. In a speech you can usually retain the thought if not the words, and improvise something to keep from a regular spill, but every word and letter in a topical song is so important that you lose one and up you go. I had that experience in Boston. I got stuck in the second line, and so I just told the audience what was the matter, and left. I

came back, sang two other verses, tried it again and succeeded, and brought down the house. I have just as much trouble with the verses I write myself, and am just as helpless if I forget a word."

Mr. Hopper's starring career began in 1890, under the management of Locke and Davis, and the first opera brought out was "Castles in the Air." This was not a great success in New York, but it did very well on the road. Locke and Davis, who had a variety of interests on their hands, threw up the Hopper contract, and the comedian finished the season on his own responsibility. The following season, "Wang" was brought out, and this was a great hit. Hopper presented this for two seasons, and then came "The Panjandrum," which did very well for a single season. "Dr. Syntax," which was simply Robertson's "School" set to music, was produced in October, 1895, and did well enough until a successor was found in "El

Capitain," the last of the Hopper productions, which was brought out in Boston, on April 13, 1896.

As side issues Mr. Hopper has once in a while made lapses into the field of comedy. He has played Falstaff in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and David in a star production of "The Rivals," with a cast that included Joseph Jefferson as Bob Acres, Nat Goodwin as Sir Lucius O'Trigger, and William Crane as Sir Anthony. At the close of the season of 1897–98, Mr. Hopper took his company to London, where he presented "El Capitain" with astonishing success. This was followed by "Wang," under the title of "The Magic Kiss," and this also did well until the war with the Boers in South Africa drew a dark curtain over theatrical affairs in England and sent the Americans home in a rush.

Mr. Hopper's matrimonial record excels even that of Lillian Russell. His first wife

DEWOLF HOPPER
in "El Capitan."

was Ella Gardiner, a beautiful girl, the daughter of a professional minstrel, and Mr. Hopper's second cousin on his mother's side. While he was with the McCaull company, Mr. Hopper met Ida Mosher, a pretty chorus girl, who came from Boston. The story of how he fell in love with Ida Mosher is told as follows :

One day Mr. McCaull surveyed complacently the chorus of his company, and remarked :

"Girls, what would you do if I raised your salaries ?"

A trim, black-eyed girl at the end of the line answered :

"I think we'd fall dead."

The opportunity to fall dead did not come to the chorus, but the opportunity to fall in love came to the comedian, and he immediately embraced it. Mrs. Hopper No. 1 secured a divorce, and soon after the decree was granted Mr. Hopper and Miss Mosher

were married. Seven years later there came another divorce, and after this had been granted Mr. Hopper became the husband of the diminutive Californian, Edna Wallace. She married Mr. Hopper in 1893 and remained his wife until 1898, when a divorce separated them also. The present Mrs. Hopper is professionally known as Nella Bergen, and she was the sharer of Mr. Hopper's triumphs abroad.

RICHARD GOLDEN.

CHAPTER VI.

RICHARD GOLDEN.

RICHARD GOLDEN will probably be remembered longer for Old Jed Prouty, that excellent character study of New England country life, than he will for his work as an operatic comedian, in spite of the fact that the larger part of his professional career has been passed in burlesque and light opera. As a play, "Old Jed Prouty" was as near worthless as well could be. Viewed most charitably, it was an inconsistent, exaggerated, and farcical representation of life in a Maine village. Its realism was theatrical, rather than faithful to the subject reproduced, and its character drawing was crude and conventional. Old Jed Prouty himself, however, as acted

by Mr. Golden, certainly drew the breath of life. Golden brought out remarkably well the peculiar, almost unconscious humour of Scotch-like dryness that is typically New England, and his sentiment, while by no means overstocked with sincerity, was genuine enough to carry with it partial conviction.

Unquestionably "Old Jed Prouty" was unusually strong in vitality. That it had not altogether lost its charm for a certain class of theatre-goers after a dozen years of more or less active service, was abundantly proved by Mr. Golden's successful revival of the play in the fall of 1900. The fact that it succeeded did not prove that it was a good play, however. In the case of "Old Jed Prouty," as in the cases of "The Old Homestead," "Way Down East," and other rural exhibitions that have been accorded large and continued public patronage, approval was gained by cozening the public. All of them are melodramatically strong enough and

theatrically effective enough to reach the average man's sentimental weaknesses without disturbing overmuch his good sense and sound judgment. They catch his eye with a superficial realism, and they are extremely careful never to probe sufficiently deep to touch his reasoning powers. Not one of these plays can stand even the shadow of analysis. Reproducing faithfully enough the outward aspects of certain phases of human life, they are in every way false to human nature and recognised human conditions. Moreover, they are crude in construction, faulty in motive, and wholly lacking in originality. If we pass over such exceptions to the usual order of things as James A. Herne's "Shore Acres," and "Sag Harbour," the rural drama of the American stage is artistically worthless.

Mr. Golden produced "Old Jed Prouty" in New York during the season of 1888–89, and it took him at least a season firmly

to establish himself in this unaccustomed line of work. He has declared that, while his friends kept pouring pleasant words upon him, they killed all this kindness by continually expressing surprise that he, the burlesquer and professional "funny man," could simulate the emotion called for by the character of "Old Jed." "Nearly everybody," said Golden, in speaking of the matter, "seemed to have expected that I would resort to 'gags,' dancing, and monkey-shines, regardless of the play, to fill out the evening's amusement, and I guess some of them felt disappointed because I didn't."

Personally, I have not found Golden's work in opera in recent years wholly satisfactory. He has seemed to lack life and zest and original humour, and his characterisations are all of them off the same piece, formal old men with the joy of living long since departed, and with the well-springs of merriment, jollity, and mirth dry and

parched, unsympathetic personages, tired of the world, and soured on humanity. Yet it was not always thus, for in the eighties Richard Golden was considered the most versatile of comedians. It was this versatility, indeed, that caused him to be dubbed the American Misiere. He tells the story as follows :

"It came about in 1884, I believe. The W. T. Carleton Opera Company, of which Jessie Bartlett Davis, Dora Wiley, Alfa Norman, Gustavus Adolphi, Alonzo Hatch, Jay Talor, Rose Beaudet, J. K. Murray, and one or two others were members, was singing in San Francisco, and I was billed to play, in three consecutive operas, parts differing so widely that success in one would apparently mean failure in both the others. They were the Duc de la Volta, a senile, disgusting old man of eighty years old in 'La Fille du Tambour Major;' the Marquis in 'Merry War,' a youth of eighteen; and

Rocco in 'The Mascotte.' I made a big hit as the old man, and then came the tug of war. You remember Betsy B.? She was Mrs. Joseph Austin, a prominent writer on theatrical matters on the San Francisco *Argonaut* in its palmy days, when Sam Davis, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, and George Wright, who was known as Dan DeQuille, were among its contributors. Betsy B. heard that I was to appear as the Marquis after making a hit as the old Duc, and she took the trouble to go to the management and to protest against my doing anything so palpably absurd. It would be sure death to the reputation I had made, she said. Managers in those days usually listened to what Betsy B. had to say, and my chances of playing the part were slim. I insisted, however, that I could make good, and finally I prevailed. 'The Merry War' was put on, and you should have seen the *Argonaut* the next day! and, when on top of this I gave Rocco, Betsy B. couldn't

say enough. It was she who called me the Misiere of the American stage."

Golden was born in Bucksport, Maine, the town in which was laid the scene of "Old Jed Prouty," and there he passed his boyhood. It is often stated that his stage life began when, with Henry E. Dixey, he played the heifer in "Evangeline" in the seventies. Such was not the fact, however.

"I was in the theatrical profession ten years before I met Dixey," said Golden. "I started out in the show business, when I was only thirteen years old, with a Mexican circus, known as Allie's Allied Shows, which was then travelling through Maine. That was in 1866. My duties were to write the bills in awfully bad Spanish and make the announcements of the different acts in the ring. It was here that I got the confidence in myself that afterward served me in good stead on the stage. In 1868 I was with Smith, Davenport, and Goldie's variety show,

and in 1869 Sam Sharpley took me in hand and put me on the stage as a song and dance man. After I left Sharpley's minstrels I appeared in variety theatres for several years, taking parts, in addition to doing my specialties, in the whole round of dramas that were popular in those days. That was experience enough to make an actor of any one. It was not until 1874 that I doubled up with Dixey, and the following year we joined 'Evangeline.'"

Before he left "Evangeline," Mr. Golden outgrew the hind legs of the heifer, and made a success of the eccentric character of Le Blanc. During the ten years that preceded his production of "Old Jed Prouty," he acted over eighty parts in burlesque, comedy, and light opera, his most notable ones being the Marquis in "The Merry War," and Gaspard in "The Chimes of Normandy." After five years of starring as Old Jed, which rôle he has played some fifteen hundred times,

he was with Pauline Hall. Then followed a period of misfortune and illness, from which he has never completely recovered. During the season of 1898–99 he appeared with Alice Neilson in "The Fortune Teller," and the season following was in "The Princess Chic," acting the part of the steward of the Duke of Burgundy.

Thus it will be seen that Golden has run the entire gamut of the mimic art, — from the simple song and dance of the old-time variety show to the responsibilities of star comedian in pretentious operatic productions. That is abundant testimony that he was capable in all that he essayed, and it is certain that in old men characterisations he was the equal of any. Often, however, there comes a point in the actor's professional life, when he apparently reaches the height of his ambition. There he pauses, seemingly without expectation of further conquest or greater achievement. That point was reached

by Richard Golden, when he linked his fame with that of old Jed Prouty.

Richard Golden married his present wife when he was ill and most discouraged, and the brave little woman helped him pull himself together and begin anew, after "Old Jed Prouty" had been shelved, and when Golden was suffering from decline and a nervous condition, likely to end fatally. She has no great talent for the stage, but she usually accompanies Mr. Golden on his various tours through the country, watching his performances night after night, as if they were always new.

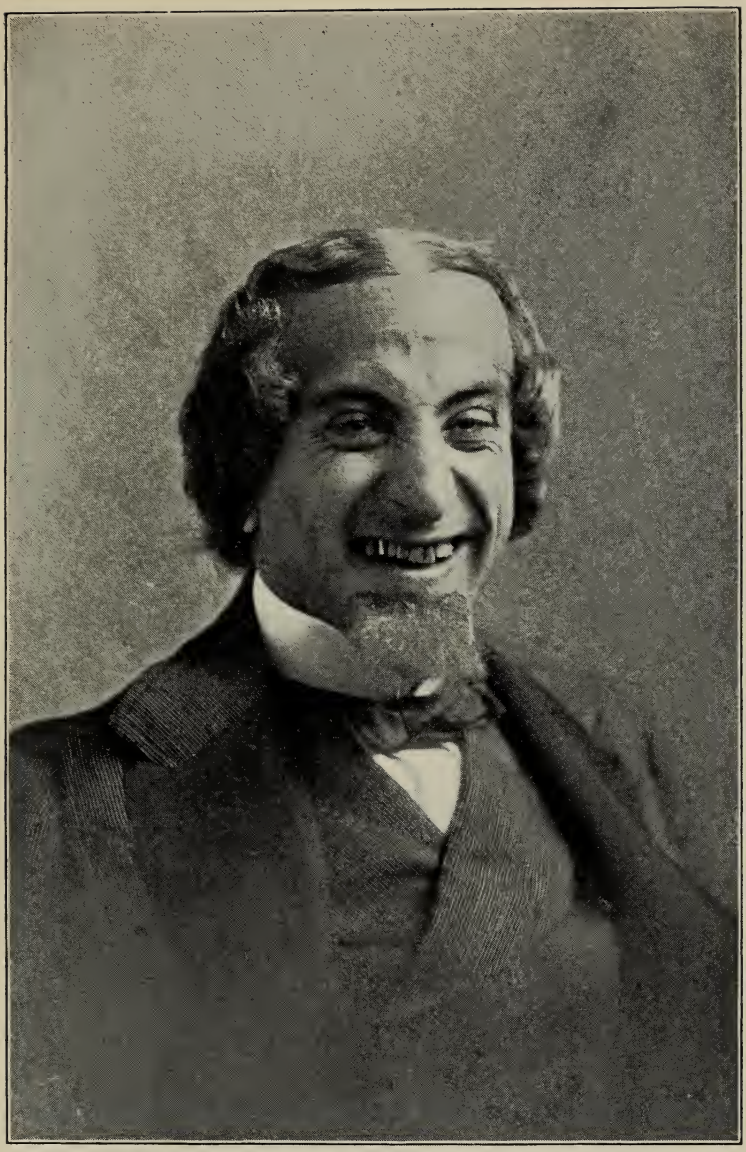
Golden's first wife was Dora Wiley, a Boston woman who had a beautiful soprano voice, and who, when Golden married her, was one of the noted choir singers of Chelsea, Massachusetts. She was a feature in the Boston concerts, and travelled with a quartette coming from the Hub. Miss Wiley was married to Mr. Golden while she

was playing Evangeline in Edward Rice's extravaganza, an employment much frowned upon by her Boston admirers. She was then a slim, quiet young woman, but she grew stout afterward, though her voice remained in good form for many years. She made a great hit in "Merry War," and taught Golden all the music he was ever able to learn. She went on one evening at a moment's notice, and played Mme. Favart in place of Catherine Lewis, who was ill, and her success was ensured for ever after that eventful night in New York. Afterward she appeared in "Old Jed Prouty." After her divorce from Mr. Golden, Dora Wiley went on the variety stage, singing tolerably, but never proving a great attraction. She died several years ago.

CHAPTER VII.

DUTCH COMEDY AND ITS DELINEATORS.

In the fall of 1895 two variety entertainers, who for many seasons had been doing a Dutch knockabout sketch in the vaudeville houses of the country, succeeded in giving New York a sensation, which has lasted five years, and gives reasonable promise of continued endurance for at least five more. The pair were Joseph Weber and Lou M. Fields, known professionally as the Dutch Senators. They had noted the evident popularity, in the cheaper houses of the country, of the class of entertainment misnamed "burlesque," which is the direct descendant of Lydia Thompson and her English blondes. In vulgar parlance these "burlesques" are



JOSEPH WEBER.

known as "leg shows," and artistically they are wholly beneath contempt. They consist of a series of variety "turns," sandwiched between a pointless introductory sketch, which serves to place before the spectators women of powerful physique and uncertain age, and an equally pointless after sketch exactly like the first in plan and scope.

If these second-rate burlesque organisations in their witless and absurd entertainments can make money, thought Weber and Fields, why would not a first-class company in a show that really has merit make more money? The experiment seemed eminently worth trying, and the two Dutch comedians secured a modest little house on Broadway, and without any fuss or feathers proceeded to test their theory. They got together the very best vaudeville talent in the business; they engaged for their choruses young and pretty women, who were singers as well as "lookers;" they secured clever men, with

reputations as stage humourists, to write shows for them that should be far above the commonplace productions of the gagging actor; they also banked heavily on a wealth of bright, catchy, melodious music, music with tingle and rhythm.

Their success — well deserved it was, too, — was immediate and great. But these really remarkable men were by no means content, and season after season they fought for improvement. They have been lavish in expenditure, generous in the treatment of the public, faithful to promises, anxious to get the best, and willing to make sacrifices, if necessary, for it. Although the work of the Weber and Fields Company may be termed by the serious-minded trivial and inconsequential, the fact remains that the company itself is in every respect the model stock organisation of the country. Its *esprit de corps* is simply wonderful, permeating as it does both principals and chorus, and what

LOU M. FIELDS.

magic panacea the management uses to create harmony among a collection of men and women, accustomed to first honours on the stage, is indeed a mystery.

Enrolled in the ranks of the Weber and Fields Company during the season of 1899–1900 were such prominent players as Peter F. Dailey, Lillian Russell, David Warfield, May Robson, Irene Perry, and Charles J. Ross. The two leading shows given were "Whirl-I-Gig," and a burlesque on Clyde Fitch's play, "Barbara Frietchie," called "Barbara Fidgety." I suppose that "Whirl-I-Gig" was put together by some one. In fact, the playbill credited the dialogue to Edgar Smith, the lyrics to Harry B. Smith, and the music to John Stromberg. It was, however, impossible to separate the humour of the book from the fun-making of the talented and original farceurs, who conveyed it to the audience. But there was fine intelligence behind the whole entertainment,

a mighty directing hand that left nothing to chance. There was every evidence of superior stage management. The sense of proportion was excellently preserved, — neither too much of this nor too little of that was discernible, — and thus one's appetite was constantly whetted and never fully satiated. Weber and Fields themselves sprung many a good line in their peculiar dialect, such as Fields's expostulation: "When I told the hotel-keeper that I expected money from home, why did you say that I had no home?" and the little dialogue about the offer: "He says he will give $10,000 to the man who captures that bear," remarked Fields. "He ain't got the money," declared Weber. "I know," explained Fields, "but ain't it a good offer?"

Not a little of the snap and vim imparted to "Whirl-I-Gig" was due to the remarkably trained chorus. The girls were marvels of spontaneity, and they acted as if they were

heart and soul in their work, and as if they loved it. Not for a moment were they perfunctory or merely picturesque. Imbued with the spirit of the entertainment as they were, they became an essential part of the show and by no means a background for the setting forth of the star performers.

Naturally enough, the success of Weber and Fields has bred a multitude of followers. Principal among these are the Rogers Brothers. Gus and Max Rogers made their professional appearance together in 1885 at the National Theatre on the Bowery, New York City, while that house was under the management of M. Heumann. They were then doing a neat song and dance act, in which they continued until 1889. At that time many of the old well-known Dutch comedy teams had disappeared from the variety ranks, and the Rogers Brothers decided to enter that field. Their first prominent engagement as a Dutch knockabout

team was made during the latter part of that year at Tony Pastor's Theatre, New York. They were engaged for one week, but they made such a decided success that, after their first performance, Mr. Pastor signed a contract with them for the entire season. The following season found them with Tom Miaco's City Club Company, and when they closed with that troupe, they made their first trip West, going for the summer with Reilly and Woods's show. The following fall and winter season, they were members of Hart's Boston Novelty Company, and, on closing with that organisation, they made a spring tour with the Tony Pastor Company.

In 1893–94, they organised the Rogers Brothers' own company, playing a season of thirty-three weeks, and followed this with another spring tour with the Tony Pastor Company. They continued with Mr. Pastor for the fall season and then went with Field and Hanson's vaudeville company. During

GUS. MAX.

THE ROGERS BROTHERS.

the summer of 1895, they made a trip of fifteen weeks through the West, going to the Pacific Coast and playing the Orpheum Circuit. They then concluded to do away with the knockabout, slapstick business in their act, and, on their return East, they presented their present style of Dutch comedy. They were seen by Donnelly and Girard, who engaged them for the farce comedy, "The Rain Makers," with which they remained during the season. In the season of 1896–97 the Rogers Brothers divided their time between Tony Pastor and the Harry Williams companies, and for the most of the summer of 1897 they appeared at Koster and Bial's Roof Garden, New York.

For the season of 1897–98, they were engaged by Klaw and Erlanger to create the two Dutch comedy rôles in "One Round of Pleasure," opening at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York. Their work was the feature of the performance, and they con-

tinued with the company during the season. In 1898–99 Klaw and Erlanger placed them before the public as stars, providing for them a farce by John J. McNally, entitled "A Reign of Error." This was a great success, and was followed in 1899–1900 with another entertainment by the same author, "The Rogers Brothers in Wall Street," which may be taken as a typical Rogers Brothers entertainment.

A dozen years ago, when Charles Hoyt was the leading American dramatist, jumbles of play-acting, song, dance, and ludicrous absurdities were known as farce comedies. But farce comedy is now old-fashioned. The up-to-date designation is vaudeville farce, and that is the descriptive title which Mr. McNally fastened to his "Rogers Brothers in Wall Street." To be sure, "In Wall Street" was many times more gorgeous in respect to scenery, costumes, and other accessories than anything which Hoyt ever dreamed of in the

humble days of his early successes, but otherwise the McNally composition in no whit departed from the simple-minded humour and the bucolic wit of the style of entertainment known as farce comedy.

Hoyt and McNally resemble one another in the odd particular of giving what is indefinitely known as a "clean" show. Their lines may be — and, indeed, often are — rudely pointed and slangy offscourings from the conversational idiom of the cheap "sport," but they are at the same time free from smut and suggestiveness. Their situations would, perhaps, be slightly shocking to pink tea society, but they are harmless enough, for all that. Hoyt, in his prime, was, I think, the more original of the two in his dramatic conceptions, though that does not signify a great deal. He had a knack of hitting off types of character, — mostly comic paper types, however, — and a trick of devising noisy situations, but his gifts in the dialogue line were

meagre. McNally, on the other hand, does not bother himself about types of characters, — his actors do that for him, — and although he has a pretty wit, he has not of late years troubled himself to any wearying extent over his dialogue. His plots — when one wishes to be polite he calls them plots — are not indicative of sleepless nights nor a constantly steaming dome of thought, and his situations are what one might expect from a man whose business it is to see other men's plays.

In fact, I have not been able to discover that Mr. McNally cares very much about anything. Yet he is successful from the pecuniary point of view. Delighted multitudes fight for opportunities to hand their money into his keeping. And why? Did May Irwin make John J. McNally or did John J. McNally make May Irwin? Who was responsible for the dollar magnetism of "The Rogers Brothers in Wall Street," McNally or the Rogers Brothers? It seems to me that Mr.

McNally, more than any other maker of plays now before the public, has mastered the art of avoiding obstacles. He realises that laughter in the theatre is, in the majority of cases, a physical phenomenon, that it is the involuntary tribute habitually paid the antique and the familiar, and that it is almost never the result of intellectual appreciation of a joke or a witty conceit. Mr. McNally recognises that nothing is quite so serious on the stage as original humour. Years ago, before Mr. McNally formulated and followed this ingenious theory, he sometimes jeopardised the success of his productions by inserting original ideas. He has quit altogether such foolhardy aggressiveness ; he ensures constant hilarity by being consistently commonplace.

Again, Mr. McNally never embarrasses his actors by suggesting that they do something which they have never done before. He does not bother them to any great extent with the necessity of memorising new lines. If they

have some sayings of their own, hoary-headed "gags," which please them, Mr. McNally adopts the remarks willingly; if they have a little business, which they are convinced is a good thing, Mr. McNally accepts it eagerly. Thus it comes to pass that in the course of time the rarest thing in a McNally farce is McNally himself. Lest I be misunderstood, let me say right here that I like Mr. McNally's work immensely. There was any amount of fun in "The Rogers Brothers in Wall Street." It was what an enthusiast would call a "bully show," and few there were who could resist the sober-minded Gus Rogers in combination with the more sophisticated Max.

Prominent in the Dutch comedy field is Sam Bernard, for several seasons with Weber and Fields, and recently a prominent feature in New York productions of "The Man in the Moon" class. Bernard was born in Birmingham, England, on June 3, 1863, and

SAM BERNARD.

came to this country with his parents when he was four years old. His first appearance on the stage was made in 1876 at the Grand Duke Theatre, at the corner of Baxter and Worth Streets in New York, when he and his brother Dick, billed as the Bernard Brothers, did a sketch on the order of those made popular by Harrigan and Hart. The brothers appeared together in the variety theatres of the country until 1884, when Sam joined Keith's Providence Theatre stock company for the season, playing comedy rôles. During the summer of 1885 he visited London and acted in the leading music halls. On his return to this country he created the part of the bad boy in Daniel Sully's "The Corner Grocery," and for two seasons after that played the principal comedy rôle in "Lost in London."

In 1888 he joined Robert Manchester's Night Owls, with which he continued for three years, when he became principal come-

dian and part proprietor with Mr. Manchester of the French Folly company. After several successful seasons he became connected with Weber and Fields, and toured with the Russell Brothers' comedians, acting as manager the second season. When Weber and Fields organised the Vaudeville Club, Bernard was placed in charge of it, and carried it on with much success. Then he joined Weber and Fields's Broadway Theatre Company, in which he was prominent until within a year.

Sam Bernard's Dutch comedy differs in no fundamental form from the Dutch comedy of Weber and Fields and the Rogers Brothers, in spite of the fact that he works by himself and they work in pairs. His twisting of the English language, and his conceits in the misuse and coining of words, may be a trifle more intricate than theirs, but the difference is only one of degree and not at all of kind. Both Weber and Fields and the Rogers Brothers, however, cling faithfully

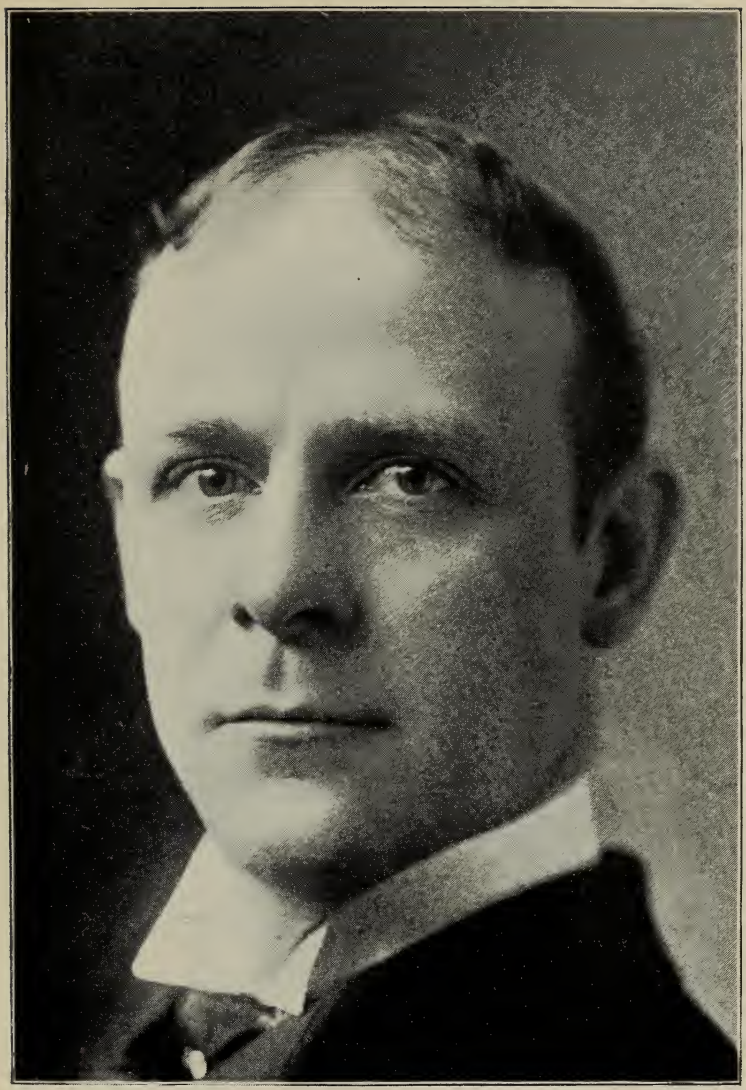
to the conventional stage Dutchman make-up, in which they gained their reputations in the varieties. Bernard, on the other hand, is not in the least adverse to a different face and a change of raiment now and then.

The popularity that this form of Dutch comedy has recently acquired is impossible of explanation beyond the fact that it is to a considerable extent the result of the reputation honestly earned by Weber and Fields in New York. The stage Dutchman is probably as old as the variety show itself, and he has not changed materially for at least a generation. He is always a stupid, clumsy, blundering fellow, to be laughed at rather than to laugh with, more often than not the unconscious butt for cheap wit and senseless practical jokes. The stage Dutchman, as a type of humour, cannot be ranked very high. He is without subtilty, refinement, or intellectuality.

CHAPTER VIII.

THOMAS Q. SEABROOKE.

THOMAS Q. SEABROOKE began his professional career as a leading juvenile. After several seasons of heroics he discovered by chance that he was a better comedian than he was a juvenile, and his comedy talent before very long introduced him to farce comedy of the Charles H. Hoyt type. The step from Hoyt farces to comic opera was a short one, and there the actor seems to be permanently fixed. Since his great success with "The Isle of Champagne," Mr. Seabrooke has several times striven to return to the drama proper, but apparently the public is unwilling that he should do anything more serious than low comedy in extravaganza and burlesque,



THOMAS Q. SEABROOKE.

and recently he has with apparent willingness settled down to eccentric Irish types such as his Maginnis Pasha in "The Rounders."

Seabrooke's Irishman bears only a passing resemblance to the conventional stage Irishman of the varieties, and he encroaches in no way on the field so thoroughly cultivated by Edward Harrigan. Harrigan's Irishmen are all New Yorkers. They have cleansed their boots of the sod, have ceased to look upon the hod as a natural means of livelihood, and have turned toward politics, in which they thrive and flourish as the green bay-tree. They are sophisticated in the ways of the world, and they have a keen appreciation of the main chance and a careful regard for the morrow. Seabrooke's Irishman, on the other hand, more nearly approximates the Celt of romance. Happy-go-lucky, improvident, and bubbling over with rollicking jollity and uncultivated mirth, he accepts with ready com-

placency whatever fate has in store for him and adjusts himself with instinctive ease to whatever situation chance places him in. Rude of manner he certainly is, unrestrained in appetite as well, and when in his cups a blunderer, a blusterer, and a bully. Yet one likes him, loves him for his impulsiveness, his heartiness, his simplicity, and his honesty, for the rich burr in his speech and for his mother wit, that is irrepressible and irresistible.

Mr. Seabrooke has never been successful — for which we should indeed be thankful — in shaking off entirely the influence of his early experiences in play acting. He remains to this day more of a creator of character than the majority of his contemporaries in operatic work. With all his exaggerations and extravagances, he is more an actor than he is a buffoon. He is legitimate in his fun-making, not completely the slave to mannerisms and gymnastic contor-

tions, free in jest and spontaneous in humour, exceedingly apt in extracting his sport from the dramatic situations instead of lugging it in bodily where there is not the slightest excuse for its presence. In spite of the fact that he has recently confined himself largely to a single type of character, he is a versatile fellow. He proved that in "The Isle of Champagne," where his diverse gifts as an entertainer seemed indeed limitless.

Thomas Quigley Seabrooke — his name was originally Thomas Quigley, though the Seabrooke is now his by legal right — was born in Mount Vernon, New York, on October 20, 1860. He went to school until he was eleven years old, and then he entered the employ of the East Chester National Bank. The position was procured for him by J. H. Price, whose intention it was to have the youth remain in the bank for three years, and then study law in Mr. Price's office. These plans were completely nullified, however, by

Mr. Price's death in a shipwreck in 1872. Young Seabrooke remained in the bank until the charter of the institution was sold, when he became teller in the private banking house of J. M. Masterson & Company. "During my nine years of banking experience," remarked Mr. Seabrooke, "I didn't average two days a year away from the bank, and the close confinement told on me. I made up my mind that I had to make a change, and I determined to try the stage."

Mr. Seabrook "tried the stage" by investing all the money that he had saved in a summer stock company at Newark, New Jersey, under the management of Frank Wills. Hot weather killed the enterprise, and Seabrooke retired from the partnership minus his capital. His professional début as an actor was made at Westerly, Rhode Island, on September 11, 1880, as Bertie Cecil in a play called "Cigarette," a dramatisation of Ouida's "Under Two Flags." The dramatisation

was made by Henry F. Stone, the son of the Stone who did "Metamora" for Edwin Forrest, and Amy Stone was the star of the company. "Cigarette," however, burned itself out in a very short time.

"I tell you I was a real actor at that time," declared Mr. Seabrooke. "The day after my début I had the pleasure of reading that the very worst actor that ever was seen in Westerly was Thomas Seabrooke, who was playing in 'Cigarette.' I just chewed up the scenery and dragged myself about the stage, I was such a real actor and acted so hard. I remember that there were two boys who did a song and dance act in one scene. Why, I wouldn't walk on the same side of the street with those boys. They were not in my class. I was ambitious in those days. If any one had waylaid me he would have found 'Romeo and Juliet' in one pocket and 'Lady of Lyons' in the other, but nary a nickel. I went around all the time reciting the most tragic

or the most sentimental scenes I could find in the play books."

Mr. Seabrooke next played with Helen Coleman, doubling the parts of Tim Crane and Jeff Maguire in "Widow Bedot." He remained with her until July, 1881, when the company stranded at Jackson, Michigan. Soon after his return to New York he accompanied W. H. Lytell to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and acted for a time with a local stock company. During the season of 1881–82, Mr. Seabrooke acted the detective in "Rooms to Rent," with L. M. Seaver, and the following summer he again joined Mr. Lytell in Halifax. In the fall he created the character of John Mandamus in "Irish Aristocracy," and in this part made his first appearance in New York at the Academy of Music, on Thanksgiving Day, 1882. Another brief summer season in Canada followed, though he got to Philadelphia in time to marry Elvia Crox in July.

At the opening of the season of 1883–84,

Mr. Seabrooke succeeded Nelson Decker in "One of the Finest," with Gus Williams, but after three months joined Jeffreys Lewis as juvenile man, and opened in "The Ruling Passion," in which he played Tom Coatbridge. He accompanied Miss Lewis to San Francisco and remained with her during the stock season at the Baldwin Theatre. On his return East in March, he joined Wood's stock company at the Bijou, afterward Forepaugh's Theatre in Philadelphia, where he remained for two months, leaving to accept a special engagement with Ad. Nuendorf in "'97–79" at the Third Avenue Theatre. Four weeks in "Mrs. Partington," in Boston and Providence, ended this season.

At the beginning of the season of 1884–85, Seabrooke supported Barney McAuley in "The Jerseyman" and "The Member from Jarvis Section," but in October the salaries fell in arrears and Seabrooke resigned from this company, accepting a three months' note

for the money due. He is always careful to state that Mr. McAuley promptly met this note when it matured. After the McAuley fiasco, Mr. Seabrooke became a member of George Holland's company, playing leading parts in his light comedies, and it was in this company that he discovered by accident that he was a character comedian.

"After playing his round of fine pieces," said Mr. Seabrooke in telling the story, "Holland decided to give that old standby, 'Ten Nights in a Barroom.' But he could find no comedian, though he searched for one diligently, and he had about concluded to give it up when he thought of me. When he proposed that I take the comic rôle, at first I was indignant. Then it dawned upon me that the notion was funny, and finally, after an inducement in the way of a ten-dollar increase in salary, I took hold and made a distinct hit."

An engagement with William Gill's "Two

Bad Men" brought Seabrooke into farce comedy. He was cast for the small part of the detective, and made another hit. Business was not what it might have been, and the company brought its season prematurely to an end in Indianapolis. Seabrooke landed on his feet, however, and secured the part of Count de Mornay in "A Celebrated Case" to play on the road. From this he went to the Union Square Theatre in New York, and on April 5, 1885, opened with Estelle Clayton, acting the Earl of Esmond in "Favette." After a supplementary season on the road in "The Danites," "49," "After Dark," and "Her Atonement," he entered the farce comedy field once more, with J. B. Dickson in "Aphrodite," in which he made another success, although the piece itself was short-lived.

Next he was seen under the management of Samuel Colville as Mose Jewel in "The World," at the People's Theatre in New York, and then he had a short season with Louise

Pomeroy. After that he created the part of Oleo Mashering in George Hoey's farce, "Keep It Dark," appearing in the large cities and winding up with two weeks at the Eighth Avenue Theatre, New York. Later he appeared at the Standard in A. C. Gunter's play, "A Wall Street Bandit," assuming the part of Gentlemanly Jimmy. While with this company he made arrangements to go into partnership with Charles W. Bowser in a production of the Augustin Daly success, "Dollars and Sense." The company opened in Bridgeport, Connecticut, on December 20, 1886. The enterprise was not successful, and the company soon after disbanded at the Windsor Theatre, New York.

Then came Seabrooke's first engagement with Charles H. Hoyt, Seabrooke appearing as the Italian and the Soldier in "A Tin Soldier" at Colonel Sinn's Park Theatre in Brooklyn. He remained with the company until the end of the season, and the following

fall he accepted the part of the Plumber for the season of 1886–87. In September, 1888, he appeared with Kate Castleton in "A Paper Doll," and continued with her until November, when he made his first venture in comic opera, accepting an offer from Wellar and Spenser to take the role of General Knickerbocker in "The Little Tycoon." Asked how he happened to go into opera after his varied experience in the drama, Mr. Seabrooke replied :

"Oh, that was dead easy. I liked to hear myself sing. I don't think any one else thought I could sing, and that spurred me on to show them that I could. I got into 'The Little Tycoon,' and I liked it first-rate, and ever after that I had the comic opera bee in my bonnet. I was getting one hundred and ten dollars a week, and at that figure Hoyt engaged me for 'The Midnight Bell.' I was to play Deacon Tidd. When I asked him about the part, he told me it was a sort of

Denman Thompson part, a New England countryman. 'Very well,' I replied, 'then I don't care to play it.' Why? Because, I thought if I went into a part like that, I was only falling behind Thompson. I was simply not in his class in that line of work, and consequently would be virtually on the shelf. So Hoyt told me to go ahead and build up the character as I chose. I asked him to tell me all he knew about the part, then I read the lines over and over, and listened carefully to everything that the other characters said about the Deacon until the part began to take possession of me. It began to get up in the morning with me, and to walk along the street with me, until finally I had it down fine. In those days I did not act at rehearsal. I couldn't. In the first place, I am a little shy, and when I made them laugh I was always confused and could not be sure that they were not guying me. For those reasons a sort of self-consciousness

prevented me from being able to give any idea of a part as I was to act it. I think that Hoyt, as he watched me, became very nervous and doubtful about me. However, if you remember the rôle, it was a great success."

When reminded of the story that Deacon Tidd was said to be a photographic reproduction of an old man up in Mr. Hoyt's district in New Hampshire, Mr. Seabrooke laughed. "No," he replied, "I originated the Deacon. I made him up and acted him out of my imagination. So far as I know, he never existed anywhere else. That must have been a newspaper story, or he may have been discovered afterward.

"Well, at any rate, Deacon Tidd did not cure me of the conceit of liking to hear my voice. I wanted to sing. I was very daring about it, too. There was nothing in the way of technical difficulties that could phase me; why, tasks that Jean de Reszke might have staggered at did not disturb me. I just went

right at it and sang away in perfect confidence. The success of Deacon Tidd, I might add, doubled my salary. I got two hundred and fifty dollars a week for that."

Mr. Seabrooke first appeared as Deacon Tidd in "A Midnight Bell" on February 18, 1889. The following fall he appeared in some of the Western cities in the opera "King Cole," which DeWolf Hopper afterward made so familiar under the title of "Wang." Then he starred under the management of John A. Hamblin, of Chicago, in "The Fakir." In May, 1890, he created the part of Cabolastro in "Castles in the Air" with DeWolf Hopper. Seabrooke built up this rôle by studying the methods of DeWolf Hopper and then doing exactly what Hopper did not do. Moreover, it was his little drunken scene in "Castles in the Air" that suggested to Charles Alfred Byrne and Louis Harrison "The Isle of Champagne," Seabrooke's greatest success. After seeing

Seabrooke do the brief act in "Castles in the Air," they remarked that, if they could get up an opera in which Seabrooke could do half a dozen different varieties of inebriation, it would be something great. Thus it was that "The Isle of Champagne" was inspired.

Previous to the production of "The Isle of Champagne," however, Seabrooke starred in Bill Nye's curious farce, "The Cadi," which had run for three months in New York when Seabrooke met with an accident which laid him up for some time. "While I was sitting there with my leg in a plaster cast, sticking out straight in front of me," said Mr. Seabrooke, "my desire to sing came back again to me. I used to pick the strings of a banjo hour after hour and sing everything I knew, so it did not require any urging to induce me to go into 'The Isle of Champagne.'"

That was brought out in May, 1892, and

King Pommery Sec'nd continued popular until the spring of 1894, when "Tobasco" was produced in Boston. "The Isle of Champagne" had no elaborate nor intricate plot, but, better than that, it had an original idea and plenty of dash and more than its fair quota of fun. Still, it was doubtful whether, without Mr. Seabrooke's peculiar virtuosity and decided versatility as an entertainer, it would have made one iota of the hit that it did. The story dealt with the fortunes of King Pommery Sec'nd, ruler of the Isle of Champagne. He was descended from a colony that had been driven from France about the time of Charlemagne, and neither he nor any of his subjects had ever seen a foreign face. Naturally, there was excitement a-plenty in this secluded kingdom when a vessel from New Bedford was wrecked on the coast of the Isle, and three persons from it were saved. This excitement, however, was not a circumstance to

that caused by the discovery aboard the ship of a strange beverage called water, which the inhabitants of the Isle had never before tasted. For nine hundred years they had drunk only champagne, the wine of their fathers. Consequently, for the first time in their history, the citizens of the Isle learned what it was to be sober — all except the King, who did not take kindly to the new fangled drink. It is unnecessary to go further into the story of the opera, for this outline shows the fun-making possibilities. A laughable incident was the King's great enjoyment of a copy of Joe Miller's "Jest Book" with its many hoary "gags." Mr. Seabrooke is fond of telling how a man who reviewed the opera for a certain small city newspaper once called the comedian down for having the nerve to perpetrate on an unsuspecting public humour so antiquated as that in Joe Miller's book. So there evidently was one person who did not see the point.

The best thing about "Tobasco," originally produced in Boston in January, 1894, by the First Corps of Cadets, and brought out by Mr. Seabrooke in the same city on the April 9th following, was the music by George W. Chadwick, which was in complete contrast with R. A. Barnet's stupid libretto. Mr. Chadwick's score was for the most part tuneful, appropriate to the situation, often humourous in suggestion, and always interesting to the musician as well as to the person with a fine appreciation for harmonised noise. "Tobasco" was afterward revised and rechristened "The Grand Vizier," and it dragged its weary length through a season, always losing money, and finally costing Mr. Seabrooke practically all that he had made with "The Isle of Champagne."

After this failure Seabrooke's thoughts turned longingly once more to the "legitimate." "It was John W. Norton, who brought out Mary Anderson," Seabrooke once ex-

plained, "who first advised me very strongly to get right out of comic opera. A few weeks later I ran across Nat Goodwin in Cincinnati, and took dinner with him. He began to talk with me along the same line. He assured me that a comedian must have a heart interest in his work, or his life was short as a successful man. Of course, Nat himself was a most admirable proof of the truth of what he said. I listened to him in amazement. 'Has John Norton been talking to you?' I asked him, finally. 'No,' was the reply. 'Why?' 'Because,' I said, 'only a little while ago in St. Louis he gave me this same advice, and it seemed mighty odd.'

"I looked back on my own career. I thought it all out. I became certain that there was more reputation for an actor in doing, say, one drunken scene in a strong play with a strong motive than there was in creating and carrying a part like King Pommery Sec. Yet they both require the

same amount of skill. It seemed to me — I say this with no vanity, but just as a reflection to which I have come from much studying of myself and my work — that a person who could play a comic opera rôle like King Pommery ought to be able to play a legitimate part. At all events, I made up my mind to try.

"A singer in comic opera must have three gifts, — be able to sing, to dance, and to act; but the least of these is acting. In comic opera you must appeal to the eyes, the ears, the senses, but neither to the heart nor to the intellect. You cannot stop to do much acting, you must not appeal too often to the feelings or the intelligence of your audience. They want to be amused rather than interested, and if you set them thinking you may lose your hold on them. While they think they fall a beat behind you and lose something in catching up. In fact, you must not let your audience at a comic opera

have a chance to think. It is no matter what methods you use. If you are likely to fall down in a part, you can kick or do anything illegitimate, if it's funny, to save yourself, and the audience will think it is all right. Naturally, you fall into mannerisms."

Mr. Seabrooke's purpose was probably strengthened by the favourable comments made on his impersonation of Fag in a star production of "The Rivals," in the spring of 1894. His essays into what he called the "legitimate," however, were neither of them very successful. In the fall of 1894 he brought out "A World of Trouble," and the year following he produced "The Speculator," both of them farces of considerable thinness. His most important engagements since then have been in "Yankee Doodle Dandy," as Ravvy in "Erminie" with Francis Wilson and Lillian Russell, and in "The Rounders." His Ravvy was a distinct failure, for he seemed to be unable to catch the

shabby-genteel atmosphere so essential to the part. His Irish Turk in "The Rounders," though possibly vulgar and unnecessarily coarse in some of the business introduced, was genuinely funny throughout.

FRANK DANIELS
in "The Ameer."

CHAPTER IX.

FRANK DANIELS.

FRANK DANIELS made his first success as a character comedian. His Old Sport in "A Rag Baby," although an exaggerated burlesque, still bore a traceable resemblance to humanity. Nor was his Giltedge in "Little Puck," as a character, wholly outside the probabilities. The setting, of course, was absolutely impossible, but the part itself was not without human nature, and it was artistically logical in respect to its environment. Of late years, however, Mr. Daniels has gone in heavily for the grotesque and the whimsical, without any regard whatsoever for human conditions. He no longer acts characters; he presents absurd monstrosities.

Relentlessly reduced to its lowest terms, this is the most primitive form of theatrical entertainment, and, as a matter of fact, is first cousin to the "antiques and horribles" of the Mardi Gras in New Orleans.

It is true that it requires considerable natural adaptability to do that sort of thing successfully. The true clown is born, not made, just as much as is the true poet. While even the wisest of men is not above unwittingly playing the fool on occasion, it is only the elect that dares deliberately to assume the rôle of the fool with the sure knowledge that he will gain thereby, not scorn and obscurity, but fame and dollars. Sometimes in the old days, the misshapen jester was the most influential personage in the king's court. The modern prototype of the court jester is the low comedian of eccentric personality and mirth-provoking mannerisms, of which Frank Daniels is an illustrious example. It is not for me to say that,

inheriting as they have the methods of the court jester, they have not also succeeded to some of the court jester's influence.

Frank Daniels is as coy about his exact age as any woman. In 1891, at the time his "Little Puck" had about run itself out, and he was attracting some extra notice by his new productions, he was credited with being thirty-four years old. In 1896, shortly after his great success with "The Wizard of the Nile," he boldly claimed that he did not know just how old he was. He declared that he was not positive whether his age was thirty-four or thirty-five years. He said that he possessed no authentic entry of the date of his birth, and while some of his relatives claimed that he was thirty-five, others asserted that he was thirty-four. Asked the direct question, How old are you? he dodged, and replied, with a humourous twinkle in his eye, "Oh, I'm just thirteen."

However, it is certain that Daniels was

born in Dayton, Ohio, and that when he was not very old he went with his parents to Boston, where he lived until he went on the stage. His father was a dentist, and Frank's elder brother adopted the same profession. It is also stated that Frank himself served a short apprenticeship in his father's office, and then decided that his talents did not lie in the direction of tooth carpentry. Indeed, no one would have ventured to prophesy, with Daniels's youth as a basis, an especially distinguished future for the young man. After he had passed through the grammar grades at the Lawrence School in South Boston, he bestowed his attention upon Pierce's Business College on Washington Street.

"I never hurt my eyesight by overstudy," he has confessed, "but rather devoted myself, after meeting the congenial spirits on the stairway, to playing billiards at the Melodian Billiard Hall. I was such a

good student of billiards that I once won the second prize in an amateur tournament."

Mr. Daniels added that he did not wish to convey the impression that the hall was run in connection with the college. It was, in fact, two blocks away, and was only reached by climbing numerous flights of stairs. "But I was young and strong in those days," he remarked, "and didn't mind climbing stairs and going regularly to a gymnasium."

"I was a very promising case of no use in those days," he continued. "A portion of my time was spent in attending the performances at the Boylston Museum, which only cost one ten cents every time he entered the doors, and where the stage was so shaky that the boards almost flew up and hit the clog-dancers in the face. When I divorced myself from the business college, and my mother impressed upon me the fact that the time had arrived when I must do something serious in life, I began to learn wood engraving,

and for three years was employed by George Mathews on Washington Street. I spent most of my time getting into the good graces of my employer by cracking jokes, doing jig steps and standing on my head. I was pretty good at that sort of thing, but pretty bad as an engraver. Sometimes I would get one of those fits of 'I will succeed' on, and work hard over a cut for a week. Then I would carry it to Mathews with the feeling that at last I had accomplished something worth while; but he would put on his spectacles, look it over carefully, then hand it back to me and remark, 'That's good; throw it in the stove.'"

During this time, however, Daniels had been going regularly to the New England Conservatory of Music and studying singing under John O'Neill.

"All my friends thought I was the wonder of the world, and advised me to go on the stage," remarked Mr. Daniels. "Finally, I

made my first public appearance at a benefit performance given for a man who had made a mistake in selecting the theatrical business as a means of livelihood. I agreed to appear, but I was so nervous a week before the benefit occurred that I had to eat opiates to get my courage up. I was on the programme to give imitations of Gus Williams in his popular songs, and when I got on the stage, I was so frightened that I kept my eyes closed all the time I was singing, so that if the audience attempted to do anything to get even I shouldn't see it."

Mr. Daniels's professional career began in 1879, with a small organisation under the management of George A. Jones, known as the Boston Opera Company. It started its tour in the city of Chelsea, Massachusetts, and Mr. Daniels's first part was the sheriff in "The Chimes of Normandy," which he declares that he played so badly that it makes him grow faint even now to think

of it. A summer season, during which he was the second comedian of a light opera company at the Gaiety Theatre in Boston, followed. With this organisation he played the Judge in "Trial by Jury," and Dick Deadeye in "Pinafore." He next joined the McCaull Opera Company, but remained with it only a brief period.

Charles Atkinson, who had secured an adaptation of a German farce called "The Electric Doll," engaged Mr. Daniels to play the low comedy character, a sort of a bad boy conception, and something new to the stage at that time. Daniels's success with Atkinson Jollities kept him busy for three years, during which time the company of five travelled all over the United States, besides touring for nine weeks in the English provinces. The business over there was not remarkable, however, and when the tour ended Daniels had to loan money to three members of the company to enable them

to get to America Daniels himself made something of a hit, and one paper was rash enough to compare his work to that of Toole. What Mr. Daniels remembers most vividly about the English visit is the trip home, which he describes as follows:

"The ship was the *Helvetia* of the National line, and the trip was all that the first syllable of its name suggests. The ship's freight consisted of a cargo of a new disinfectant which was to be introduced in America, and the odour of this stuff was so sickening that we had to turn in at night with our hands over our noses, and breathe through our mouths in order to escape the smell. The ship was full of rats, and, in order to make things more pleasant, an equinoctial gale raged for three days, and the only people up on the boat were the captain, the mates, and the quartermaster. The ship turned somersaults most of the time, but the captain spent his time in the smoking-room,

playing cards with the crew. One morning I woke up and found that the rats had entered my room and eaten away the entire upper portion of both my shoes. I stuck my feet into what remained and hunted up the captain to make a complaint. I found him in the smoking-room dealing six cards to the second mate, and the ship playing leap-frog. I told my story hanging on to a rail, and the captain looked at my shoes and then broke out: 'That's all right, my lad; the ship will never sink as long as there's rats aboard. Ha! ha! ha!" The next night the rats took all that was left of my shoes, and I arrived in New York in a pair of carpet slippers."

After a brief engagement at the old Bijou Theatre in Boston, then under the management of Fred Vokes, during which he played the jailor in "The Beggar Student," Mr. Daniels was secured by Charles H. Hoyt to create the part of Old Sport in "A Rag

Baby," and so great was his success that he remained the feature of the farce comedy for three years. Old Sport was a character study typical enough to strike home, and also with enough novelty to attract attention. It is said that the part was given to Mr. Daniels at first to play on the road as an experiment, and his astonishing success was a surprise all around. Mr. Daniels continued working away on the character until he had rounded out and developed a most original and droll impersonation. Incidentally, he started both himself and the firm of Hoyt and Thomas on the road to fame and riches. Mr. Daniels's salary at once began to rise, and it kept on rising until it got so formidable that Hoyt and Thomas thought the cheapest thing to do was to take the comedian into partnership. Accordingly, during the last of Mr. Daniels's connection with "A Rag Baby," the name of the firm was Hoyt, Thomas and Daniels.

Mr. Daniels separated from Hoyt and

Thomas, and began starring on his own account in 1887. His vehicle was a dramatisation of Anstey's story, "Vice Versa," called "Little Puck." It set forth the amusing adventures of a serious-minded man, who got himself mixed up with his own son, and I remember with especial delight the very funny school scene, and Mr. Daniels's serio-comic presentation of the dignified annoyance and thorough disgust of the man turned boy at the pranks of his schoolmates. "Little Puck" had been a failure both in England and Australia before Mr. Daniels took it up, and his adaptation did not meet with any great approval when it was first brought out. He altered it and worked it over, however, until the public accepted it as one of the most amusing extravaganzas of the time. It retained its popularity for many seasons, and earned for the actor a comfortable fortune.

In the spring of 1891 Mr. Daniels produced a three-act farce comedy, entitled "The

Attorney." It was adapted from an English farce, and did very well as a companion piece to "Little Puck." His next venture of importance, however, was the opera "Princess Bonnie," in which he acted Sprimps. This dragged through an uneventful season. In Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, on September 21, 1895, "The Wizard of the Nile" was brought out. This was continuously well received, and doubtless inspired its two tamer successors, "The Idol's Eye" and "The Ameer."

"The Ameer," for example, was a conventional burlesque opera with a wealth of spectacular effect, some rather pretty music, and no inconsiderable number of attractive young women in cast and chorus. Its plot, however, was involved and confusing, and of very little value when unravelled. The humour in Mr. Daniels's character was usually more patent to the eye than to the mind, and the wit consisted chiefly of slangy quibs and expert word juggling.

CHAPTER X.

JEROME SYKES.

ALTHOUGH it may be axiomatically stated that the comedian in modern light opera is essentially a buffoon, bearing in mind, of course, the inevitable exception that is said to prove the rule, that he is such is not entirely his fault. It is undeniably true that the light operas written since the days of the Gilbert and Sullivan successes, which have provided characters of the slightest intrinsic comedy value, are few. The Gilbert and Sullivan field, in fact, has been vacated completely by opera; it has been usurped by that comparatively new growth that comes under the classification of musical comedy, dainty and fragile little plays of "The Geisha" type,

JEROME SYKES.

whose inconsequential, fanciful, and romantic dramatic scheme becomes wonderfully charming, when idealised by fascinating melodies that stimulate the imagination and banish the commonplace and conventional. These plays deal lightly with genuine comedy types, and are in that respect entirely within the Gilbert and Sullivan school. They are not, however, satirical comments on men and affairs, as were the Gilbert and Sullivan works; they are not strong in originality nor in humour, and they have practically no value as literary products.

Although the labourers in the field of operatic comedy have apparently taken to buffoonery as a serious life study, there is not one that has not at some time or other done commendable work in the higher line of low comedy. Ask them, and they will tell you that they forsook comedy at the behest of a public that strenuously demanded clowning. This is only partly true, however.

The public was really indifferent about the matter. It sought entertainment, and it would gladly have received it in the form of low comedy character acting, had that been offered. But low comedy character impersonations mean hard work on the part of the player, careful observation, some thought, and much practice how best to set forth on the stage the result of keen observation. Buffoonery, however, is almost entirely a matter of instinct. The ape, for example, is an instinctive buffoon, and, intentionally or unintentionally, he cannot help causing laughter by his antics. The ape does not know the reason for his clownishness; he does not even realise that he is funny. Of course, the stage buffoon is hardly as primitive as that. He has learned to reason from cause to effect, to know that laughter is sure to follow certain actions on his part; and thus he has classified to an extent the implements of his trade, his

grimaces and strange physical contortions, his vocal tricks and awkward gestures. He knows where to use each one to the best advantage, and when it will be most effective.

The most complete refutation of the buffoon's plea that the public demands buffoonery is found in the success and popularity of the operatic comedian, who, like Jerome Sykes, has made his way by what may be called legitimate methods. His art is founded on human nature, and his work is not unlike that of the gifted caricaturist, who, amid all the wild vagrancies of a capricious humour, preserves faithfully the spirit and even the physical likeness of the original from which he works. A creation like Sykes's Genie in "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp" has dramatic force as well as comic value. It is a personality, which even its impossible environment cannot rob of its reality. Thoroughly individualised, also, was Sykes's wonderfully funny Foxy Quiller in "The

Highwayman." It is good to know that he will have an opportunity to expand this impersonation as the leading character of a new opera.

In figure Sykes is big and massive, — even ponderous, in fact, — but he is wonderfully agile for all that, and can dance with the best of them. Both in physical appearance and in nimbleness of wit Sykes is most suggestive of Shakespeare's Falstaff, and one is tempted to speculate on his possible success as an exponent of that great rôle. Like Falstaff, Sykes is endowed with an immense fund of native humour, which permeates and illuminates all his work in the theatre. His face is that of the born comedian; the face of the man fully in sympathy with the world and the inhabitants thereof. Brightened by his own appreciation of their comic possibilities, and sharpened by his complete mastery of the art of conveying to others his conception of their meaning, the

JEROME SYKES
as Foxy Quiller in "The Highwayman."

most commonplace lines allotted to Sykes, when delivered by him, are fraught with a humourous suggestiveness that appeals to the risibilities of the most solemn spectator with sureness and despatch. A subtle trick of inflection, the illustrative accompaniment of facial expression or a bit of original pantomime, and the point is made plain quietly, artistically, and effectively.

Jerome Sykes's theatrical career began during the season of 1884–85, when he made his début in Baltimore as a member of Ford's Opera Company. The season following he was with the Wilbur Opera Company, playing the lesser comedy rôles in the various light operas in the repertoire of that organisation. His third season he passed with the Templeton Opera Company, and then for two seasons he appeared, principally throughout the West, in "straight" dramatic productions. During this engagement Sykes played heavy villains in support of Newton Beers, a melo-

dramatic star of some prominence on the smaller circuits in those days. The principal play in the repertoire was "Enoch Arden." In one Kansas town, where it was purposed to act this drama, it was found that the theatre had no sea-drop backing for the wreck scene. The company carried a sea-cloth, but no drop. As a last resort it was necessary to work the sea-cloth against a backing of kitchen flats. Every time the lightning flashed it revealed the wreck occuring inside the kichen. Mr. Sykes said that he was too much in earnest to realise it then, but the performances of that company were funnier than any farce comedy ever staged.

The fall of 1889 found Mr. Sykes practically stranded in Kansas City. One day he met "Punch" Wheeler, then a well-known advance agent. They compared notes, and found they had thirty dollars between them. After an hour spent in deliberation, they decided to "put out" an opera company. In

another hour they had brought together nine people, and had formed "The Alcazar Opera Company." In two days they were on the road. They had overcome the difficulty of securing a chorus by hiring a scenic artist to paint one on a drop. They "stayed out" with this "troupe" over nine months, and made a living, playing small towns in Texas and places in Mexico. "Punch" Wheeler went ahead, and gave the local manager his choice from a large repertoire, but the company always played "The Mascotte," which was made to fit any title, and no one seemed to know the difference.

In Piedras Nagras, Mexico, the manager selected "Erminie" from "Punch" Wheeler's list. The advance man tried to convince him that "The Mascotte" was much better, but the Mexican would not yield. So "Erminie" was billed and "Punch" was in despair. He did not dare play "The Mascotte" under the title of "Erminie," because of the stringency

of the Mexican law. There might be a Mexican present who could expose the deception. He and Sykes had a copy of the play, "Robert Macaire," on which "Erminie" was founded, and started at ten in the morning to improvise the opera with this as the book. The curtain rang up at ten o'clock that night, the usual hour, on Sykes's and Wheeler's original production of "Erminie." When there was a break Sykes would knock the actor playing "Jake Strop" all over the stage, or sing "When Love is Young All the World Seems Gay." The performance was a hit, and "The Alcazar Opera Company"— nine people with a chorus painted on a drop — was invited to play a return date. Times have certainly changed with "Jerry" Sykes. "Punch" Wheeler, too, has escaped the troubles of theatrical life, and is now a railroad agent in Chicago.

"Funny things happened with the Alcazars," declared Mr. Wheeler, in recalling his experiences with this organisation in Texas

and Mexico. "I remember at St. Ignace, Yucatan, Sykes invited me over to the jail, saying that one of us had to be locked up for beginning the opera before the commissioner-general's inspector blew his cornet, and, as Sykes had to go on for a matinee, they gave me a cell until he could get back to relieve me. I threatened to leave the jail unless they sent out and got me a pool table. After that Sykes hired a man to be locked up whenever we interfered with the law, as we were too busy to have our time taken up, and couldn't study law in Spanish. At Guadlahara, County of Santa Cruz, Mexico, the painter sent us a bill for three dollars and twenty cents for painting dodgers for the 'Alcohol Comic Troupe.'

"At Limberville, Woxathchie County, Texas, a German landlord played the Alcazars. Sykes looked over the advance sale and told him it was bad. He said not to mind, we'd have a good house, anyway.

Sykes said he would bet we would not play to forty dollars. 'Vorty dollars,' said the manager, 'Vell, I should say me not. The biggest house dot ever here vas, vas eighteen dollars.'

"At Tie Siding, where we had a guarantee of one hundred and fifty dollars, the manager was selling tickets with a cash register. After the performance the register showed gross receipts of thirty-nine dollars and twenty-five cents. He gave us the gross receipts and the cash register, and Jack Henderson took the kerosene lamps used for footlights. We had to travel by wagon to Brackettville, where we played at the army post on sharing terms, the government furnishing the hall, the oil for the lamps in the footlights, and the band. The Seventeenth Regiment, U. S. A., band played the opera, and had eleven more men in the orchestra than we had people on the stage."

The Alcazar Opera Company was not the

only "barnstorming" musical organisation with which Mr. Sykes was identified in his early struggles for recognition. At the end of the first season of the Alcazars — this organisation of nine people, with its chorus painted on a drop, lasted only one season — Jerome Sykes and "Punch" Wheeler separated, and Sykes became an impresario on his own hook. He founded the California Opera Company and presented "Said Pasha" in Colorado mining towns. His tenor was not "the greatest ever;" in fact, he was so bad he was suspected even by the miners. At the finale of the third act Sykes, this tenor, and the baritone had a situation where Sykes read the line — "Three kings; what an elegant hand to draw to!" A long haired miner sat in the front row. He did not like the tenor. When Sykes spoke about the three kings, he drawled: "Say, pardner, if you skin that hand over again you will find a jack at the end."

Thus passed the season of 1890–91. After this came a season of starring in the farce comedy, "U and I," and then Mr. Sykes supported Marie Tempest in "The Fencing Master." Next he was engaged to play the Sheriff of Nottingham in the number two "Robin Hood" company. His success in this brought him an engagement with the Bostonians, and for two seasons he alternated with Henry Clay Barnabee in comedy rôles. At the end of this time the Bostonians were short-sighted enough to let him go rather than pay him the increase of salary that he asked. Had they retained his services, they would not only have strengthened their organisation, but they would also have delayed materially the rise of a formidable rival. Mr. Sykes, at that time, did not know his own power, and, like all men who have found the road to fame rough and hard to climb, he was timid about undertaking strange ventures. Had

he been granted what he deemed a reasonable request, he undoubtedly would have remained contentedly with the Bostonians for many seasons.

His next engagement was with Lillian Russell as the Fat Boy in "An American Beauty." Then came his splendid creation of Foxy Quiller in "The Highwayman," which immediately raised him to a position of first importance in the operatic field. During the season of 1898–99, he made another hit in "The Three Dragoons," of which he was the star feature, although he was not starred. Indeed, whatever success that opera achieved was due entirely to his work. Without him it would have been nothing. This was followed by his appearance in "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp."

CHAPTER XI.

DAN DALY.

THE first time that I ever saw Dan Daly was in 1889. The piece was called "Upside Down." Thomas A. Daly and John J. McNally confessed to being the authors, and what it was all about I have not now the slightest idea, even if I ever knew. I think that by courtesy it might be classified as a farce comedy, in the Hoytian sense, and I recollect that the parts were labelled with curious punning names, such as "Miss Tellie Graph, pretty, pert, and peculiar." Daly's character was designated as "Will Getthere, another lively young man who would rather travel with a circus than go to college," and Daly's name was printed in black type on

DAN DALY
in "The Lady Slavey."

the playbill, which showed that he was the star. I believe that this was his first attempt as a solitary feature, though for many seasons he had been the chief attraction in a piece called "Vacation," in which, however, he shared the honours with his brothers, Robert, Thomas, and Win.

As I recall Dan Daly in "Upside Down," he was not one whit different from Dan Daly in "The Rounders." His entrance was made over what seemed to be a back yard fence, and there was a suggestion about it that he had been chased by a dog. This was easily believed, for if ever an actor looked like a tramp that actor was Daly in "Upside Down." He scaled the fence in a hurry and landed on the stage in a heap. But he picked himself up leisurely, and finally stood forth in all the glory of his lankiness, — his legs out of plumb at the knees, his feet at an impossible angle. He merely looked forth upon the assemblage

before the footlights in the most serious manner imaginable, and forthwith the spectators burst into peals of laughter, for which there was absolutely no reason except Daly himself. When he spoke it was in the now well known, solemn, sepulchral voice, without which Daly would not be himself.

The strangest thing about Daly is that he has been able to cling so closely for years to these same characteristics and still avoid monotony. It is not his way to impersonate, and he does not make any pretence of fitting himself to a part. Instead, he frankly doctors all the parts that come into his hands to suit the peculiarities of his own personality. Yet there is always a distinctive atmosphere to his different rôles. Take his three characters in "The Lady Slavey," "The Belle of New York," and "The Rounders," one a swell reduced by adverse fortune to the necessity of becoming a sheriff's helper, the second the eccentric Ichabod Bronson of Cohoes,

New York, and the third a constantly bored and an inherently sporty nobleman of France. Superficially they were all just Dan Daly and all just alike; they all had the same mannerisms, the same humourous dignity, the same mismated legs, and so on through the list of Dan Dalyisms. Still, in some indefinable way, they were different. One would never dream of mixing them up, not even the two swells of "The Lady Slavey" and "The Rounders."

As for Bronson of "The Belle of New York," I consider the part, with all its absurdities, of real value as a character creation. I have heard that the rôle was written especially for Daly, and I am willing to believe that such was the fact. Certain it is that Daly has made the rôle thoroughly his own, so much so that no one, who has seen him in it, can ever be wholly satisfied with another actor's interpretation. In Bronson, Daly's ability to differentiate his characters

internally, while making them as much alike as two peas externally, was particularly noticeable. His Bronson was an individual, and, moreover, he was human, — a shrewd, witty, and altogether delightful specimen of the genus crank.

Peculiar to Daly also is his dancing. There was a time when his specialty was tying himself in double bow-knots, but he has adopted a less wearing style of recent years. His suppleness is still often astonishing, though his athletic feats are always accomplished so easily and so gracefully as to be extremely deceptive. I suppose that no one thing displays Daly's perfect bodily control more than his fascinating dancing almost with his feet alone, his legs moving just the merest trifle, and his body not at all.

Concerning the Daly humour, it is difficult to write. I cannot tell how he reaches the comic sense of a gathering so surely. To say that it is through his personality is

merely an evasion, not an explanation. The power of suggestion is wonderfully keen, and Daly, it seems to me, uses this power to the fullest extent. Watch his eyes sometime when he is convulsing a theatre assemblage. His face may be as expressionless as if it were carved in stone, but in his eyes you will surely see the glint of fun.

Dan Daly was born in Boston in 1865, and his stage career began when he was only nine years old. In the spring of 1874, with his brother Robert, he appeared at a benefit entertainment in Waverley Hall, Charlestown, and in the fall of the same year he had his first professional experience. This was with E. S. Washburn's Latest Sensation, an aggregation which travelled in wagons and acted in variety houses. The boy continued in variety work for some four years, and in 1879 he played his first part, Dan Dino in "The Crystal Slipper," with Little Corinne.

Two years later Daly and his three brothers, Robert, Thomas, and Win, put on the piece called "Vacation," an indescribable combination of variety turns, and the forerunner of the Charles Hoyt school of farce comedy. This was played successfully on the minor circuits for many seasons. Next came "Upside Down," and after that a starring season in a farce by W. A. Mestayer. Daly next came under the management of John Russell, appearing first in "Miss McQuilty" and then in the famous "City Directory," the most elaborate and practically the last important farce comedy venture to be strikingly successful. Daly then played a summer engagement in Boston in "The Golden Wedding," which was followed by another season with Mr. Russell in "Society Fads." The next summer saw him again in Boston with "Davy Jones" at the Museum.

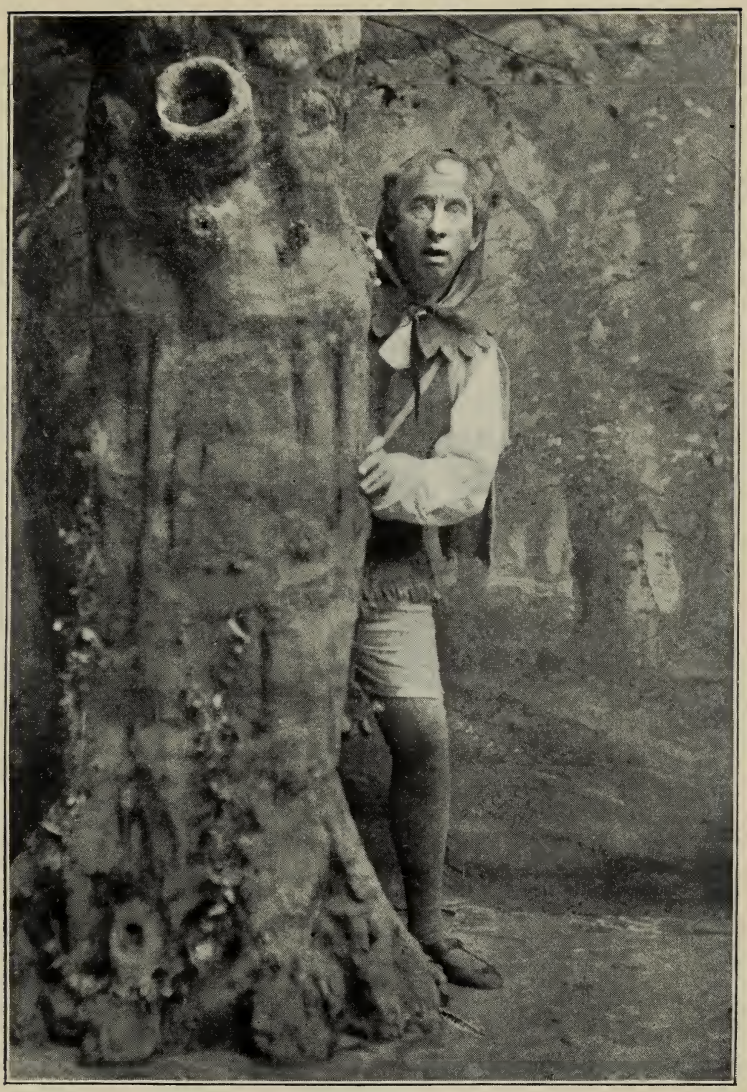
In 1895 Daly joined George Lederer's forces at the New York Theatre, and the

New York Casino, and he has continued under that management ever since, appearing in "The Twentieth Century Girl," "The Merry World," "The Lady Slavey," "The Belle of New York," "The Rounders," and "The Cadet Girl," brought out in New York in the summer of 1900.

CHAPTER XII.

HENRY CLAY BARNABEE.

When New York chose to discover Henry Clay Barnabee, not so very many years ago, she proceeded to hail him in that joyous, irresponsible way of hers as the only legitimate comedian in light opera. She dwelt lovingly on his quiet method, his quaint personality, "his keen sense of humour, his ability to produce an honest laugh without rolling down a flight of stairs or adopting the usual antics of the 'knockabout' comedians or violating the unwritten laws of good comedy acting." There are, however, two distinct publics as far as Mr. Barnabee is concerned. There is the public which will effusively endorse every word of this com-



HENRY CLAY BARNABEE
in "Robin Hood."

ment, and this public is undoubtedly in the majority. It should not be forgotten, though, that there is a minority, which would declare, and not without truth, that Mr. Barnabee is no nearer what is indefinitely known as a "legitimate" comedian than the other exponents of comedy in opera. Like the others, he relies chiefly for success on personality, in his case one of sombre dryness that contrasts oddly with the frivolity of operatic wit, and he enforces this personality with a series of mannerisms that are practically always the same.

Barnabee is not a versatile comedian, by any means; he is not an originator, and his ideas of humour are often crude and primitive. But he unquestionably has the knack, and he has also acquired, in the years that he has been before the public, authority and a sure knowledge of effect. He has learned, too, his own limitations, and he rarely makes the mistake of attempting to overreach them.

As is natural, his voice is not now what it was once, in the days when he used to turn the minds of the Sunday School of the Church of the Unity from religious matters to a keen enjoyment of worldly pleasures by singing "The Cork Leg." Then it was an excellent instrument, and later, when he first went into opera, he was justly entitled to the high rank that he took on account of his gifts as a vocalist. But, as previously intimated, there is no arguing about Barnabee. If you like him, that is the end of the matter; if, on the other hand, you are one of the minority which refuses to accept him, again, that, too, is the end of the matter.

For the past forty years the name of Henry Clay Barnabee has been closely associated with amusement enterprises in this country. He is a native of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where he was born on November 14, 1833. His father was Willis Barnabee, in those days a well-known hotel

keeper in that city, which business he took up after a notable career as one of the famous "whips" of the old stage line. After leaving school young Barnabee became a cash boy in the dry-goods store of William Jones & Company in Portsmouth, and in that establishment he remained until he came to Boston in 1854, as soon as he reached his majority, to be a clerk in the dry-goods house of C. F. Hovey & Company.

Barnabee's ability closely to imitate the eccentric actions and peculiarities of his fellow salesmen was quite remarkable, but it was not until his appearance at a private entertainment in 1856 that he exhibited his talent in public. This entertainment was held in a house, at number 9 Allston Street, on April 2, to be exact, and Barnabee's performance was witnessed by some of the members of the declamation committee of the Mercantile Library Association, an organisation in whose ranks a number of excellent actors and pub-

lic readers of a generation ago received their earliest training. The entertainments of the association were once very popular in Boston, and consequently Barnabee felt it something of an honour to be invited to appear at the closing one of the season, on April 30, 1856. That was his public début, and he recited N. P. Willis's "Scholar of Ben Khorat."

The following year he was made a member of the declamation committee, and for several years afterward he was a prominent feature of the association's entertainments. In the early days his contributions were altogether of a serious character, and he discovered himself as a comedian and humourist wholly by accident. An entertainment was to be given, in which Henry Parsons, one of the members of the association, was to impersonate a Yankee character. At a late hour word came that he was ill and could not appear. As a last resort, the part was thrust on Bar-

nabee, and the result of this, his first attempt at comedy, was a decided success. This circumstance in a measure shaped his future course, and from that time on he dropped serious parts and devoted himself principally to farcical acting.

While he was acting in the amateur theatricals of the Mercantile Library Association, he was also taking singing lessons regularly. Soon after his arrival in Boston he became a member of the choir of the Reverend Dr. Baron Stowe's church on Chauncy Street. A year or so after that he was made one of the quartette in a Jamaica Plain church. After two years' service there, he was engaged for the quartette of the Church of the Unity in Boston, and there he remained for some twenty years, with the exception of one year when he sang at the Reverend Doctor Putnam's church in Roxbury.

Mr. Barnabee's successes with the Mercantile Library Association caused his name

to be known beyond the confines of Boston, and his services were in frequent demand. He appeared at many entertainments in other places, and was exceedingly popular with lyceums. He was often advised to quit clerking and give up his whole time to entertaining, but he did not do so until 1865. His début as a professional was made at a benefit concert in Music Hall, Boston, in which Miss Annie Louise Cary, Mrs. H. M. Smith, Miss Sarah W. Barton, Henry Suck, and Howard M. Dow, the organist, also participated. Once free from all other business interests, he soon became more popular than ever, and far more widely known. For a dozen or more years his success with the patrons of the entertainment and lyceum courses throughout the country was almost unparalleled in the records of that class of amusements. His engagements called him to the cities, towns, and hamlets of New England, the Middle, Western, and North-

western States, as well as into Canada and the British Provinces, and he attained fame and fortune wherever he went, commanding his own terms and making a "Barnabee night" a certain success whenever announced.

During these years he also gained a wider recognition of his talents than that accorded him by the lyceum audiences of the day, for he was constantly called upon to take part in benefit performances. By these appearances he showed that he had dramatic abilities which commanded general approval. In 1866 he appeared at the Boston Museum for R. F. McClannin's benefit, playing Toby Twinkle in "All That Glitters Is Not Gold," and Cox in the famous one-act farce of "Box and Cox," to the Box of that splendid comedian, the finest, all in all, that the American stage has ever produced, William Warren. This was his first essay on the dramatic stage, and it was considered immensely successful. Barnabee subsequently appeared at the Globe and

Boston Theatres on benefit occasions, and at different times played Aminidab Sleek in "The Serious Family," Henry Dove in "Married Life," and several similar characters. On March 5, 1868, Julius Eichberg's operetta, "The Two Cadis," was brought out in Chickering Hall, Boston, with Barnabee, Miss Julia Gaylord, afterward prima donna of the Carl Rosa English Opera Company, Allen A. Brown, and Warren Davenport in the cast. Barnabee also took prominent parts in various other operettas, including "Cox and Box," by Arthur Sullivan, and "Sir Marmaduke," a musical version of the old farce of "Betsy Baker," the songs having been written by Benjamin E. Woolf and the music by Julius Eichberg. This work was conceived by Mr. Barnabee himself, and was given for several seasons by the Barnabee Operetta Company.

In 1870 Mr. Barnabee organised a regular concert company, which included Mrs. H. M.

Smith, M. Arbuckle, the cornetist, and Howard M. Dow, pianist and accompanist. Mr. Dow was long associated with Mr. Barnabee in his enterprises, and he was the originator of many songs and sketches, such as "The Cork Leg," "Blue Beard," "Alonzo ye Brave," "Mrs. Watkins's Evening Party," "Brown's Serenade," and "The Monks of Old." In those days Mr. Barnabee had with him from time to time many of the most successful entertainers of the day. At one time he made a great hit with George M. Baker in an amusing entertainment called "Too Late for the Train," which was written by Mr. Baker. Later he appeared in a monologue, also written for him by Mr. Baker, entitled "Patchwork, or an Evening with Barnabee." The origin of this entertainment, which had for years a prominent place in the lyceum courses of the country, was little more than a chance. A call upon Barnabee's services in the aid of a charity in Newburyport made it

necessary to supply the amusement with as little expense as possible. Although he had some doubts of his ability to hold an audience unassisted, Mr. Barnabee nevertheless undertook the task of "giving the whole show." The result was the series of songs, stories, and impersonations, which were later woven into Mr. Baker's monologue.

For several years previous to 1879 Barnabee's engagements were made through the Roberts Lyceum Bureau, an agency at that time managed by Miss E. H. Ober, who also controlled the business of many other similar entertainers. Miss Ober conceived the idea of a "Pinafore" performance with an "ideal" cast, and the notion resulted in the presentation in May, 1879, of "Pinafore" by the Ideal Opera Company, in which were Mary Beebe, Miss Phillipps, Myron Whitney, Tom Karl, and Mr. Barnabee. Mr. Barnabee's Sir Joseph Porter settled his future career. He followed his "Ruler of the

Queen's Navee" with the creation of the rôle of the Pasha in the adaptation of Suppe's "Fatinitza" made by Sylvester Baxter for the Boston Ideals, as the company was called after dropping "Pinafore." This was followed by almost a score of parts of equal prominence in the operas produced by this organisation. In 1887, in connection with Tom Karl and William H. MacDonald, Barnabee formed the operatic company known as the Bostonians. Prominent among the native works produced by this organisation have been "Robin Hood," "Don Quixote," "The Maid of Plymouth," "The Ogalallas," and in recent years "Prince Ananias," "The Serenade," and "The Viceroy."

In his social life Mr. Barnabee is a thirty-third degree Mason, and a member of the famous Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of Boston. He is also proud of the fact that he was one of the original members of the Apollo Club, a prominent choral

society of male voices in Boston. Mr. Barnabee married in 1859 Clara George, a daughter of Maj. Daniel George, of Warner, New Hampshire.

HENRY DIXEY
in "The Adventures of François."

CHAPTER XIII.

HENRY E. DIXEY.

No actor of to-day has struggled harder than Henry E. Dixey to overcome a reputation acquired in the field of nimble burlesque, and to establish himself solidly in public favour as a player entitled to serious consideration as a light comedian. More than once has he seemed to have reached the coveted goal. His work with Augustin Daly's company, several seasons ago, would, in the ordinary course of events, have settled the question of his right to aspire to higher things in the drama, but the prestige then acquired was largely lost in the unfortunate ventures that followed. Now again the future looks bright, for his David Garrick, in Augustus

Thomas's "Oliver Goldsmith," once more brought him to the front as an exquisite interpreter of comedy, and this success was followed in the fall of 1900 by his appearance as a star in "The Adventures of François," a dramatisation by Langdon Mitchell of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's novel of the same title.

Dixey is one of those fortunate unfortunates whose greatest successes have been their worst handicaps. His Adonis was the adored of many seasons, and so enamoured did the theatre-going public become of the Dixey physical perfection as exhibited in this rôle, that it kept him playing it long after he would willingly have buried it in oblivion. When the juice had been squeezed to the last drop from this entertainment, the same public refused to accept the actor in anything else. Without the slightest reason, therefore, and ignoring completely Dixey's splendid record in both opera and comedy before "Adonis" was perpetrated, public sentiment

decreed that he was useless outside of this one show. Ever since, Dixey has been vainly combating this sentiment, and at last he seems to have conquered.

Yet there is no lack of evidence of Mr. Dixey's unusual talent as a light comedian. He has those most important qualities, — style, finish, and mental alertness. He is a master of pantomime, and his body is a thoroughly trained instrument of expression, of which he has perfect and complete control. Although for so many years associated with burlesque, he never became the slave of burlesque; he never lost in a haze of travesty the instinct for sobriety and sincerity. While he appreciated keenly the satirist's chaffing of humanity, he was susceptible also to the true comedian's sympathetic and loving caricatures of the quibbles of human nature. Henry E. Dixey is more than a burlesquer; he is an actor whose field is subtle and versatile comedy.

Henry E. Dixey's real name was Dixon, and he was born in Boston on January 6, 1859. The stage seems to have been an instinct with him, for he began to have aspirations about as soon as he could talk. These were gratified at first by wonderful melodramatic performances in his mother's cellar, with a table for a stage, a sheet for a curtain, and all the babies in the block as an audience. The price of admission was pins, nails, tops, kites, anything and everything that had a marketable value in a boy's eyes. These performances were usually given Saturday mornings, and the proceeds would then be bartered off for change enough to admit the youthful Thespian into the gallery of the old Howard Athenæum later in the day. There he drank deeply of dramatic art, which was served in full measure and in a manner unmistakable. The modern school of suggestion and repression would have been laughed off the stage in those days.

"The dramatic shows in my mother's cellar were sometimes broken up in the most unexpected ways," once remarked Mr. Dixey, in referring to his first public appearances. "I remember we were going to play 'Jack Sheppard' one morning. I wanted to be Jack, but my partner was bigger than I, so I thought it safer to compromise and take the part of Jonathan Wild. Things went along swimmingly until the last act. It was then that Jack was supposed to die on the gallows, and we strung him up with commendable realism. Had not Jack's father showed up with an axe about that time, I am afraid that it would have been all up with the actor. When he was cut down he was black in the face. That settled the morning theatricals for a time. Then I began to dance. I felt that I could dance even before I began, and I had no teacher but myself. I danced before meals and after meals. I danced the last thing before going to bed, and the first

thing in the morning. Most of the practising was done on Boston brick pavements, for the family could not stand it at home. I got in extra work on the street and in the school yard during recess time. It was the ambition of my life to wear spangles, black my face, and be like one of Bryant's minstrels. I volunteered for everybody who gave a benefit performance, and I would walk to Chelsea and back any time for the sake of showing what I could do.

"Then I began to haunt the stage door of the old Howard. At that time John Stetson was the manager, and he always held that he was the one to give me the first start, — sort of recognised in me a protégé. The first part I ever played was Peanuts in Augustin Daly's ripping melodrama, 'Under the Gaslights,' and I was ten years old at that time. It was not a very big part, but it satisfied me, and when the curtain fell on the last act I was the happiest boy in Boston, for I felt

that I had made a success. After that I did numerous small jobs around the theatre, but I got more glory than salary."

James S. Maffit, the pantomimist, and for years the Lone Fisherman in "Evangeline," was often at the Howard in those days, acting "Kim-Ka," "Flick and Flack," "Robert Macaire," and other pantomimes of the Ravel school, and the value of the training that young Dixey received under this master of the art of subtle gesture and suggestive action cannot be overestimated.

Next came the production by Edward E. Rice of the extraordinarily successful "Evangeline." This occurred at the Globe Theatre in Boston, on June 7, 1875. Dixey heard what was going on, and applied for a position. His ability as a dancer won him a place, and he was cast for the fore legs of the famous heifer, Richard Golden having the responsibility of impersonating the hind legs. Dixey also originated the dance performed by the

intelligent animal. While he was with "Evangeline," Dixey played almost all the male rôles. Besides half the heifer, he acted at various times a Miserable Ruffian, the First Sailor, the Headsman, the Jailer, the Conductor, the Policeman, in which he uncovered a rich Irish brogue, the Lone Fisherman, and Le Blanc. In "The Corsair" he played both Syng Smaul and Yussuf. He created the part of Remus Brown in "Hiawatha," and also that of the Jester in "Horrors," in which he appeared as Rajah Zog as well. Dixey was Whatdoyousoy in "Robinson Crusoe," the Doctor and Tommy in "The Babes in the Woods," Sir Ramsgate Bramblewig and Inkijab in "Revels," and Doctor Syntax in "Cinderella at School."

In the popular operettas of the day Dixey played Lorenzo in "The Mascotte," Sir Mincing Lane in "Billee Taylor," Bunthorne in "Patience," Sir Joseph Porter in "Pina-

fore," and the Chancellor in "Iolanthe," for which part he has always expressed a decided preference, although he added that he got lots of fun out of Lorenzo for himself as well as for the audience. Others of his prominent characters before "Adonis" was produced were Peter Papyrus in "The New Evangeline," Boss Knivett in "The Romany Rye," William Crank in "Pounce & Co.," Brabazon Sykes in "The Merry Duchess," Frippaponne in "Lieutenant Helene," Henry Nervine in "Distinguished Foreigners," and Christopher Blizzard in "Confusion," all of which he originated. He also acted John Wellington Wells in "The Sorcerer," and Carrick Fergus in "The Duke's Motto." These appearances in comedy were made under the management of John Stetson at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in New York. Mr. Dixey was once asked, while "Adonis" was still at the height of its popularity, how he liked this experience in the "legitimate."

"Oh, please don't use that word," he exclaimed. "Legitimate! Legitimate! It's a word that ought to be abolished from the theatrical vocabulary. It came into use with a lot of uninspired old fogies who could only speak their lines by rote and servilely follow tradition. And the same class swear by the word now, the same non-creative crowd who have no ideas, who never invent anything, whose only talent lies in the stereotyped and the hackneyed. Believe me, whatever is artistic is legitimate. For three hundred nights I stayed in New York with a burlesque that was clean, humourous, and artistic. Yet I suppose the old fogies would deny its right to the denomination of 'legitimate.' They wouldn't begrudge the word, however, to other comedians who play straight parts in the most distorted and grotesque manner imaginable. In 'Adonis,' I never took any liberties with an audience. I never 'guyed.' I wouldn't allow a topical 'gag' to be spoken.

'Adonis' was acted as earnestly and as artistically as burlesque is capable of. But no, say the fogies, it's not legitimate. Then they flock to some comedian who puffs out his cheeks, speaks his aside plump into the parquet, makes absurd gyrations with his body, and takes every conceivable liberty with the author's creation, distorting it out of all proportion to nature. But oh, dear me! don't say a word against him, — he's a legitimate comedian. Albert Chevalier, the coster singer, I say, is as legitimate as Henry Irving. How about playing Hamlet and advising the actors thus? 'Speak the speech, I per-rer-ray you, as I per-rer-rer-nounced it to you, ter-rer-rer-rippingly on the tongue; but if you mow-wow-wow-woth it as many of our players do, I had as lief the tow-wow-wown crier spoke me-ah lines.' How Irving must have laughed in his sleeve at the audience whenever he played Hamlet! What a delicious little joke all to himself when he spoke those

instructions to the players and wilfully challenged the truth of what he told them! In my opinion Mr. Irving is a good burlesque actor gone wrong."

Speaking of "Adonis," Mr. Dixey said:

"Some of the ideas for the piece were mine, but they were put into shape by Mr. Gill, and excellent work he did, too. When the piece was finished we tried to get John Stetson to produce it at the Globe Theatre in Boston. He refused because he said that the properties would cost too much. Perhaps they cost three hundred dollars. After 'Adonis' had been done in Chicago with success, Stetson wanted to buy an interest in it for twenty thousand dollars. Mr. Rice, who put the piece on for me, refused the offer. I have always held that it was a good play. Of course, people say that it was a burlesque. Well, it was a burlesque, but at the same time it was a good play. There were lots of actable parts in 'Adonis.' Take

the polished villain, the old man, the Duchess, the merry mountain maid, and Adonis, and we had lots to build on. It was a great success. 'The Seven Ages,' which followed it, did fairly well, but I confess I was ambitious. I wanted to do better things. People said to me, Adonis and Bertie Van Loo are both artistic, graceful, neat, but they're burlesque. There was money to be made from these burlesques, but I desired something besides the money. I desired to exert every effort to improve myself in my calling, so I laid the burlesques away, and tried comedy."

"Adonis" was produced in Chicago on July 6, 1884. It was sent to New York, where it opened on September 4th at the Bijou Opera House, and ran for over six hundred nights. On May 31, 1886, the burlesque was taken to London and presented for a season at the Gaiety Theatre. It was not received with the same favour that it had

met in this country. After this engagement Dixey reappeared with the piece in New York, and then toured the country. He was certainly inimitable as the beautiful statue, the sprightly gallant, in the remarkable imitations of Irving, as the independent barber, and in the other characters which he assumed in the lively spectacle. "The Seven Ages," which was built to illustrate the philosophy of Jacques as expressed in "As You Like It," also gave Dixey a chance to show his ability as a lightning change artist, but the show lacked the sparkle and snap that made "Adonis" so attractive. Mr. Dixey's venture into comedy was made with a play called "A Man with a Hundred Heads," which also served the purpose of showing the actor posing as some one else, and it was a pretty poor sort of an entertainment. What Dixey thought of his own work is shown in the following remark:

"It is not a very difficult matter to make

up like a distinguished man," he said, when some one expressed surprise at the fidelity with which he copied the face of President Benjamin Harrison. "Even if the likeness is not perfect, people will see a resemblance, and that is quite enough for them. They will think for the moment that it is perfect. I used to make up Henry Irving in 'Adonis' in less than five minutes, yet there were persons who thought that I spent a long time in making up. A small piece of putty, some grease paint, and powder will make the most astonishing difference in one's appearance in less time than it takes me to tell you about it."

In 1894 Mr. Dixey surprised the theatrical world by his success in light comedy as a member of Augustin Daly's company. Especially noteworthy was his Malvolio in "Twelfth Night," which certain critics went so far as to declare was the best presentation of the character that this gen-

eration had seen. It is safe to say that those who saw Mr. Dixey's Malvolio could scarcely believe it to be the performance of the actor who used to travesty Henry Irving's Hamlet and imitate a stage-struck country girl on one and the same night. Yet, his success was not so astonishing, after all, for Malvolio demands just that delicate touch of satire and artificiality, subtilty and finesse, which comes as second nature to a burlesquer of Dixey's fineness. Off the same piece, too, was his Marcus Brutus Snap, the theatrical manager in "A Night Off." That part also bordered on burlesque, and Mr. Dixey acted it with the nicest discrimination and the best of taste. His character exposition was clean-cut and pointed, and his sincerity and spontaneity evidenced an instinct for the most exquisite comedy. Excellent, also, was his ballet master in "7-20-8." His graceful carriage, his mobile countenance, and his free and easy gesticulation fitted perfectly

the rôle of the voluble and intense Italian. He posed and pirouetted with rare abandon; his mastery of the Italianised English was perfect, and his animation inspiring without breathlessness.

After leaving Daly's company, Mr. Dixey was the principal actor in the unsuccessful "Thoroughbred." Then he took a flyer into vaudeville, appearing in a specialty made up of hits from "Adonis" and other pieces. After that he tried his luck as a professional magician.

During the season of 1899–1900 he again showed his ability as a light comedian by his impersonation of David Garrick in Augustus Thomas's play, "Oliver Goldsmith," which was produced by Stuart Robson. The following criticism of Mr. Dixey's acting is by Amy Leslie of Chicago.

"Henry Dixey's Garrick was a revelation of symmetrical and beautiful acting. He simply shed light and sparkle and force

wherever his Garrick was thrust or posed. Had Garrick been so graceful and handsome a creature as Dixey cannot help but make him, feeling his idealisation a necessity, why, the popular actor would have been not only celebrated as a player, but a beau whose beauty must have eclipsed all the exquisites of his time. And Garrick was not that. But Dixey at times so closely resembled the paintings and etchings extant of Garrick that the likeness was startling. He mimics everybody beautifully as only Dixey can, is gay, graceful, animated, and ebullient as gossamer, and pungently intelligent. There is a scene extremely shoppy, and after the style of 'The First Rehearsal,' 'The Royal Box,' 'Pantomime Rehearsal,' and all the other plays bringing the stage in. with its glitter scraped off and its overalls on. Dixey's 'Adonis' had it, and so did 'In Gay New York.' Always when a play wants spirited squabble and back-talk, a stage is up-

set and a rehearsal put in. This is capital and gives Dixey an opportunity to be irrepressibly brilliant and Robson a chance to give a touch of his famous Tony Lumpkin, which is still among the Robson laurels unchallenged and untarnished. Mr. Dixey is lithe, graceful, and bubbling with humour which singularly belongs to the time, though nothing on earth is more modern than Dixey in any guise. He was showered with applause and laughter from the heart, and his remarkable impersonation of the bailiff is something charming, coming in against his Garrick with its thousand mimicries of Johnson, Boswell, and everybody casually. Mr. Dixey is incomparable in the expression of the author's intention and Mr. Garrick's choicest vanity, his most alluring moods."

CHAPTER XIV.

OTIS HARLAN.

With very few exceptions, Otis Harlan's principal successes on the stage have been made in the farce comedies of Charles H. Hoyt. The Hoyt characters are peculiar. Indeed, strictly speaking, they are not characters at all in the dramatic sense. They are subjected to no process of development; they do not grow nor expand with dramatic action, and they are without individuality. Yet they have a recognisable likeness to humanity, and give evidence of considerable satirical observance on the part of their creator. They are best defined as types. Now, the typical human being in any of the various walks of life does not really exist. Man,

OTIS HARLAN
in "A Black Sheep."

for his convenience, divides humanity into classes, and on those classes he fixes certain attributes. Hoyt's method was to place the class man, who really did not live except in the imagination of other men, into his plays, and thus he acquired a considerable reputation as a shrewd observer of society. Hoyt placed upon the stage lay figures, with a recognisable resemblance to humanity, but the resemblance was altogether too superficial to withstand the slightest examination or analysis. His personages had human qualities, but they were not human by any manner of means.

How much of Hoyt's success was due to his own creative powers, and how much to the creative powers of his actors, it is impossible to state. It is generally known that Mr. Hoyt was accustomed to write his rôles to suit certain players. In that way, for example, Hot Stuff, in "A Black Sheep," was written with Mr. Harlan especially in

mind, and there never was the slightest doubt regarding the perfection of the fit. Mr. Hoyt also engaged his actors with only a single part in mind, — perhaps because of a single characteristic. He did not want versatility nor adaptability. He believed that the best player for him was the one who had only to act himself. Thus it happened that many players found themselves tied down, year in and year out, to a single Hoytian character. They were great in this one part, and they became persons of importance in the theatrical world. Then, suddenly, with the fading away of the Hoyt vogue came their collapse. They found themselves unmarketable, and they have never ceased to wonder why.

The greatest of the Hoyt players — and near the head stands Otis Harlan — were men and women of striking magnetism and unusual temperament. Occasionally one of them showed a decided talent for character

exposition and artistic comedy acting, — such a one, for instance, was Tim Murphy, so long with "A Texas Steer," — but, for the most part, the Hoyt players were, first and last, entertainers. Characteristic of this class is Otis Harlan, the personification of jest and merriment. Think of him trying to do anything seriously! He radiates fun and jollity; they shine from a joy-smitten countenance, are reflected from eyes that suggest practical jokes and antics of all sorts, and especially are they found in a bubbling, infectious laugh, full of ripples and good nature, that flows from Mr. Harlan's mouth on every possible and impossible occasion, like champagne from an uncorked bottle. The laugh is always the same, and according to every precedent one should after a time get very tired of it. But somehow or other one does not. It is so spontaneous, so thoroughly lifelike, so infinitely sweet-tempered, that it justifies itself even after many repetitions.

Otis Harlan began his theatrical career as a Hoyt comedian, and he remained almost continually in that line of work as long as Mr. Hoyt continued to write and produce his farce comedies. It was in the winter of 1887 that Harlan first met the playwright. Harlan was then a rosy-cheeked young fellow, little more than a boy, in school at Columbus, Ohio. Mr. Hoyt took an immense liking to the lad, and readily agreed to further the youth's dramatic aspirations. Accordingly, the following August, Mr. Harlan made his début at Providence, Rhode Island, as the Romantic Young Man in "A Hole in the Ground." Next he created the part of the attorney with Frank Daniels in "Little Puck," after which he returned to Mr. Hoyt, and made a success as one of the Razzle-Dazzle trio in "A Brass Monkey." While this farce comedy was still a potent attraction, Mr. Harlan made his first and only appearance in the classic drama. It happened one sum-

mer in Savannah, Georgia, and the play was "Julius Cæsar." When the stage manager handed him the part of the First Roman Citizen, Harlan looked it over contemptuously, then returned it with the remark that he had been engaged to play comedy parts. He laid particular emphasis on the word "comedy."

"It is a comedy part," said the stage manager.

"I don't see where the comedy comes in," replied Harlan.

"You are supposed to make the part funny," declared the stage manager.

"Oh, I am, am I?" demanded Harlan. "All right, I'll do it."

Forthwith Harlan began to cogitate how he could make the First Roman Citizen a comedy part. He concluded that he would have to introduce "gags," so he consulted with Brutus and the leader of the orchestra, and both these worthies agreed to help him.

At night, when Harlan made his first entrance, Brutus demanded of him in stentorian tones:

"What wouldst thou, most noble citizen?"

"A chord in G," responded Harlan, with a smile, and the accommodating leader of the orchestra struck the chord. To the horror of the admirers of the Bard of Avon, the First Roman Citizen started to sing "The Wild Man of Borneo," and, moreover, he sang it so effectively that he had to give several encores. It ended his experience in Shakespeare, none the less.

Following "A Brass Monkey," Mr. Harlan played Major Yell in "A Texas Steer," and then created the part of Awful Jag in George Marion's "Mr. Marconi." In "Africa," George Thatcher's experiment in combining light comedy with minstrelsy, Harlan played Tippo Tip, and after that he was associated with May Irwin in "Boys and Girls." Next he surprised his friends by

taking a flyer into legitimate farce, and made quite a success as Spinks, the valet masquerading as his master, in "Gloriana." He appeared for a time in "The Isle of Champagne," and when Seabrooke brought out "Tobasco," Harlan was cast as the Grand Vizier, a part in which he almost overshadowed the star. His big hit as Hot Stuff, in "A Black Sheep," was followed by his appearance in the title rôle of "A Stranger in New York." After that he was seen in Hoyt's last successful production, "A Day and a Night." The mock-sanctimonious New Jerseyman in "A Day and a Night," as presented by Mr. Harlan, was decidedly in contrast with his wild and woolly Western sport in "A Black Sheep." But, thoroughly distinct as regards the quality of humour as were these two parts, Mr. Harlan was equally as successful in keeping his audiences amused over the hypocrisies of the goody Sunday-school young man, as he was when he

rattlety-banged through the noisy capers of the very swift Hot Stuff.

During the summer of 1900 Harlan acted Valentine in a very ordinary summer production in Boston, called "Very Little Faust and Too Much Marguerite."

RICHARD CARLE.

CHAPTER XV.

RICHARD CARLE.

FOLLOWING the lead of the comedians of "The Belle of New York" company and that of the elongated DeWolf Hopper, Richard Carle, who for many seasons had pursued fame as an operatic comedian in the United States with satisfactory though by no means startling results, journeyed to London in the spring of 1900. He went as a member of "An American Beauty" company, but the Londoners — doubtless for good and sufficient reasons — were not especially interested in that show. Carle, however, succeeded in attracting considerable favourable notice, though it was not until "The Casino Girl," to the cast of which Carle was kindly transferred

by a thoughtful, not to say paternal, management, was substituted for "An American Beauty," just in time to head off reports of complete failure, that Carle's star twinkled in all its splendour. He scored mightily in "The Casino Girl," and accordingly he at once became a person of assured prominence in the operatic field.

If you have never seen the average English singing comedian in full action, you perhaps wonder why all these players from this side — men for whom we have a high regard, but whom we have never considered as in the least remarkable — can make such a tempest in a teapot when they get to Great Britain. There is James E. Sullivan, whose polite lunatic in "The Belle of New York" seems to have given him a sinecure for life in the London music halls, and again there is Frank Lawton, who for years played the whistling baggage-master in Charles H. Hoyt's "A Hole in the Ground," without causing any

undue excitement in this country. He, too, is reclining on the downy couch of contentment, surrounded by an admiring British public. I repeat, if you have never experienced at first hand the riotous humour of the English comedian, you are undoubtedly surprised at the reputations so suddenly acquired by these American players. If, however, you are somewhat familiar with the methods of the English buffoon, your astonishment will be decidedly modified. The general run of English comedians are without the lightness of touch, the finesse, and the spontaneity of the American actor in the same line of work. The Englishman is apt to be heavy, ponderous, and crude, and even the best of them pun most atrociously. To be sure, the Britisher is usually more of a character actor than his American prototype, but his lack of keenness and incisiveness more often than not counterbalance this claim for recognition.

Richard Carle was no tyro, however, when he went abroad and proceeded to dazzle the Englishman with his wealth of mannerisms and numberless laughter-provoking antics. Carle was born in Somerville, Massachusetts, a suburb of Boston. He was graduated from the high school in his native city, and then for three years engaged in lyceum work, gaining quite a reputation among the villages and mountain hamlets of New England as a platform humourist. His first appearance as a professional actor was made with James T. Powers and Peter F. Dailey in "A Straight Tip." After that he was with Joe Ott in a farce comedy called "The Star Gazer," and this engagement was followed by his appearance in "Excelsior, Jr.," and "The Lady Slavey." Carle's success in the last-named comedy brought him prominently before the New York public, and in recent years his work has been largely confined to that city, his most notable engagements being in "One

Round of Pleasure," "In Gotham," "A Dangerous Maid," "Yankee Doodle Dandy," "Children of the Ghetto," "A Greek Slave," and "Mam'selle 'Awkins." Carle pleaded guilty to being the author of this latter show, and some day the sin may be forgiven him.

Richard Carle's most notable achievement in dramatic art, since his career as an actor began, was undoubtedly his creation of the character of Shossi Shmendrik, the shy carpenter in Israel Zangwill's ill-starred dramatisation of "Children of the Ghetto." This play was produced in Washington on Sept. 18, 1899, and proved to be a puzzler for both public and critics. The work was one of decided originality and considerable dramatic value. It dealt strongly with atmosphere and local colour, and its character drawing was exceptionally fine, — delicate, yet dramatically effective. It lacked, however, the conventional coherency of the average money-making play of the theatre, and whether

its remarkable success in transferring real scenes and real people to the stage was sufficient to counterbalance its want of theatrical force has never been intelligently determined. In both New York and London the play failed, but even with those two black marks against it, the play toured the minor circuits of the United States during the season of 1899–1900, with profit to its projectors.

One thing that showed conclusively the unusual power of Mr. Zangwill's character drawing was the fact that every actor in the large cast — and a number of the players, like Mr. Carle, were experimenting in new lines of work — was credited with appearing to the very best advantage. Mr. Carle's part was a small and rather unimportant one, a character study, however, in the finest sense of the term. He succeeded wonderfully in individualising and humanising the man, Shossi Shmendrik, diffusing him with a sympathy that was as potent in its influ-

ence as it was subtle in its workings. However lightly one may have held Mr. Carle's talent as an actor, judging him from his methods in opera and in burlesque, one was compelled to revise the uncomplimentary verdict after seeing him in "Children of the Ghetto."

CHAPTER XVI.

DIGBY BELL.

DIGBY BELL'S professional career has been one of extremes, and, moreover, it has been that most pathetic of all life experiences, a career in which all the vicissitudes of fortune, instead of exhausting themselves by the checking for a time the advancement of the sturdy beginner, held their strength in reserve to assault the veteran, who, wearied with the years of hard and conscientious labour, had a right to expect rest and peace at last. Season after season Digby Bell pursued the even tenor of his way, amusing the public and drawing his salary in contentment. At last he reached stardom, and immediately his troubles began. Poor management rather

DIGBY BELL
in "Jupiter."

than artistic failure finally killed the venture, and the star suddenly found himself face to face with the necessity, either of taking a step backward and becoming the support of some other star, or of entering a new field entirely. He tried the first alternative, and found it unsatisfactory. Then he tried the second, making an excellent start in the comedy field in Hoyt's "A Midnight Bell." Other attempts along the same line resulted in disaster, however, and the comedian sought refuge in vaudeville, where he was well received, and where he will, in all likelihood, remain for the present.

Yet there is no reason why Digby Bell should not succeed, moderately well at any rate, in comedy dealing realistically with the quaint and common side of human nature. He has the instinct for character impersonation, and his sense of humour is of that broad and rather primitive variety, which fits admirably into reproductions of

types of lowly life. In some measure he has the instinct for pathos, a strictly theatrical pathos, to be sure, of the Little Eva kind, but effective in its place if not put on too thickly. I should not be wholly surprised at any time to learn that Mr. Bell had made a lasting impression in a drama dealing with country life, if ever again he have the courage to assail the bulwarks of public opinion and popular prejudice.

Digby Bell was born in Milwaukee, but his parents moved to New York City when he was five years old, and in that city he was brought up. His father was a Wall Street broker, and it was not until he failed that the son gave any thought to the necessity of earning his own living. After disaster came, Digby Bell first secured a position as cabin passenger clerk with the White Star Steamship Company. He was gifted with a baritone voice of excellent quality, and he finally decided that it was worth having it,

trained for opera. With this purpose in view he went to Italy, where he studied music for five years. His début as an operatic baritone was made on the island of Malta as the Count, the leading baritone rôle in "Sonnambula."

"I shall never forget that night as long as I live," remarked Mr. Bell. "The Duke of Edinburgh, governor of the island, was to be in the audience with all the swell people of his set, and General Grant, then on his tour around the world, was another notable announced to listen to my first professional attempt as a singer. It being the time of one of the Franco-something-or-other disturbances, the whole Mediterranean fleet was anchored off Malta, and, of course, the officers, resplendent in gold lace, would attend. I became disgusted with the costume allotted me, and in my innocence went to the tenor of the company, instead of to the stage-manager, for advice. I asked him if I

couldn't make some change and yet be artistically correct. 'I can't go on in these togs,' I declared. 'They make me look like a barber in a fit. I don't like lambrequins on my legs, and the colour doesn't suit my complexion.' Very sympathetic indeed was my confidant. He suggested that I dress the part as Faure had done, in a riding-suit, high boots, fall of lace, and a generally much more becoming costume. Delighted with the suggestion, I went to a tailor, and at my own expense (I may add in parenthesis that I was very young in the business) ordered the rig. The eventful night came, and I, full of nervous anticipation, but resolved to do or die, went on. Such a reception I have never experienced since. Maltese cats, it seemed to me, had broken loose in every part of the house. There were hisses and cries of 'Canis!' which, translated, means dog, and other complimentary epithets positively showered upon me. I didn't know what

was the matter, but it finally dawned upon me that my beautiful costume had offended these sticklers for tradition. Every great artist that they had ever seen in the rôle had worn the lambrequins, and they hissed the presumption of this newcomer who dared to inaugurate such a startling innovation. That I was unnerved goes without saying, but, after awhile, I pulled myself together, bracing myself up by asking under my breath, 'Now are you going to break down, after your mother has spent good money for five years on your musical education, without even making an effort to win their good-will?' This specious reasoning caused me to sing with all my might, my pluck making the English portion of the audience take my part, and the next night, when I donned the lambrequins, the Maltese were satisfied, and were as cordial in their approval of my performance as they had been antagonistic on the first evening.

"My becoming a comedian was brought about by what might be called a freak of fortune," continued Mr. Bell. "When I returned to this country, I started out in Italian opera, but finding that I would be wearing fringe on my trousers if I continued in that line, I next took up opera in English. The company was stranded in Montreal, and our only way of getting out of town was to produce 'Pinafore,' which had not then been done in Canada. I was cast for Sir Joseph Porter, and well do I remember how much beneath me I considered the part. But laughter proved a very pleasing recognition of my first efforts as a comedian, and by the time we had played three weeks in Canada I felt that I had found the proper place at last. From there we went to Hooley's Theatre in Chicago, then through New York State, and from that time grand opera has not once had the power to lure me into impecunious paths."

Speaking of the work of the comedian in opera, Mr. Bell said:

"Still, the comedian of a modern comic opera has not the easiest task on earth. In the first place, with the exception of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, the comedian has to write his own part to fit the public taste. In Gilbert's librettos this work is all mapped out, and the only thing required is a careful and intelligent study of the part. But in the modern comic opera all is very different. The first thing I used to do every morning was to read thoroughly the newspapers to see what had happened of local interest that might be worked into a 'gag.' Then I passed over my ideas, if I thought they were all right for the topical song, to some one who could put them into verse. No, I didn't compose the verses myself. I shouldn't have been drawing my salary long if I had allowed myself to stray at will in the fields of poesy. Rhymes are not my strong point. Frequently

excellent hits were made, which helped me out wonderfully. Then, too, incidents were constantly taking place on the stage, which were worked up. The causes were not always apparent to the audience, but the people saw the results. Indeed, I seldom played a comic opera part twice exactly alike. An actor, who has been any length of time on the stage, learns to size up the temper of his audiences, and govern himself accordingly. I played in many of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, and also did not a little low comedy, but the changing from one type to another rather unsettled me as regards the public. Probably I should have got along better if I had stuck faithfully to one line. I always tried to make a difference between what might be called legitimate operatic comedy, such as Koko in 'The Mikado,' and the parson in 'The Sorcerer,' and clowning. It was often difficult to do so, for the public seemed fond of a certain amount of buffoon-

ery, and the temptation of an actor to fish for applause is very great. However, I believe that a position between the two extremes is better in the long run."

For many years Mr. Bell was the leading comedian with Colonel McCaull and J. C. Duff. He was, in fact, the first of the McCaull comedians. When McCaull organised a second company he engaged DeWolf Hopper, and afterward Hopper and Bell were in the same organisation. Some of Mr. Bell's best known parts were Koko in "The Mikado," Bunthorne in "Patience," Charles Favart in "Madame Favart," Charity Boy in "Charity Begins at Home," Doctor Daly in "The Sorcerer," and Matt in "Indiana." He starred in "Jupiter" and "Tar and Tartar," and spent a season with Lillian Russell, appearing in "The Grand Duchess" and "Princess Nicotine." Then he tried valiantly to establish himself as a star in sentimental comedy of the homely school, of which Sol

Smith Russell is so worthy an exponent. He was successful in Charles H. Hoyt's "A Midnight Bell," but after that found he could not get the public to accept him outside of his old environment. For several seasons past Mr. Bell has been in vaudeville.

In 1882 Mr. Bell married Laura Joyce, then a prominent contralto in light opera. She was born in Newport, England, on May 6, 1856, the daughter of Dauncey Maskell, a theatrical manager. After graduating from the London Academy of Music, she made her début in the spring of 1871 at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, London, as Gertrude in J. R. Planche's vaudeville, "The Loan of a Lover." She travelled in the English provinces under her father's management in an entertainment called "Happy Hours," and was at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, for a season, after which she accepted Dion Boucicault's offer of an engagement as soubrette at the Covent Garden Theatre in

London. She came to the United States in the early seventies, appearing first at Niblo's Garden in New York, where she made a great hit by singing the "Blue Danube" waltz. She created the part of Evangeline in the Edward E. Rice burlesque, and that of Prince Amabel in "King Turko." After her marriage to Mr. Bell she played almost invariably in the same companies with which he was connected, making with him the plunge into comedy, though not following him into vaudeville.

Mr. Bell's comedy productions were Thomas's "The Hoosier Doctor" and "Joe Hurst, Gentleman," founded on Mrs. Burnett's story. "The Hoosier Doctor" was artistically a success, — some have called the play the best Mr. Thomas ever wrote, — and Mr. Bell's work was exquisite, quiet, but effective in humour, abounding in sincere pathos and delicate sentiment. "Joe Hurst" was a failure both artistically and financially.

CHAPTER XVII.

JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS.

It was an odd freak of fate that kept Jefferson De Angelis so long from the galaxy — a noble word, verily — of stars. Season after season he faithfully paddled some one else's canoe, doing the brunt of the work, and wondering, perhaps, when his turn for the biggest letters on the three-sheet posters would come. Occasionally he would vary the monotony of playing second fiddle with an experiment as first violin. He would start bravely forth as a star, but he never seemed to hit it just right, and back he would go to yeoman service in the ranks. At last, in the fall of 1898, De Angelis struck oil with a rather commonplace comic

JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS
in "The Jolly Musketeer."

opera, by Stanislaus Stange and Julian Edwards, called "The Jolly Musketeer." Why the work caught on at all — unless because it came at a time when anything with musketeer attached to it was bound to make a hit — is a mystery, but "The Jolly Musketeer" apparently was liked, for De Angelis continued it for two seasons.

Still the opera did not show the comedian at his best, for the reason that it did not perform its most important function as drama, — that of exciting and maintaining interest. Except that it provided a rather colourless background for De Angelis's virtuosity, the opera was never for a moment in evidence as an active assistant to the comedian. The credit, therefore, for pushing this indifferent material through two seasons should be given entirely to Mr. De Angelis, who may be said to have been long in all the essential qualities in which his opera was short.

Nevertheless, the extra effort had a dis-

tinct influence on his acting. De Angelis unites in a manner most original the bubbling merriment of the comedian of temperament with the physical activity and eccentricity of the comedian devoted absolutely to the acrobatic school. It takes a genius to fill an entire evening with subtle and artistic clowning, — a genius unknown so far as I am concerned, — and it was not surprising, therefore, that De Angelis, before the final curtain of "The Jolly Musketeer" fell, found it imperative to resort to primitive methods in order to raise a laugh, or to provide the semblance of mirth. Thus he suffered from the effects of a monopoly. Knowing that he was about all there was on the stage of more than passing interest, he felt compelled to make as much as possible of himself, so that the necessary amount of entertainment might be in evidence. Of course the quality of his work was sacrificed for quantity. Properly cast and not over-

burdened with responsibility, De Angelis is a character actor of no mean ability, as well as a fun-maker of ingenious devices and original methods. There was character drawing in "The Jolly Musketeer," but it was fearfully diluted with a superabundance of gymnastics.

Jefferson De Angelis was born in San Francisco, about the middle of the century, and his stage career began when he was a child, in the old Olympic Theatre of that city, a small and insignificant building that disappeared long ago. Like Joseph Jefferson, from whom came his name, De Angelis was practically born and bred on the stage, being a scion of the once celebrated De Angelis family, which toured the country a generation ago. Their line was what would be nowadays called variety work, but times were different then, and they posed as public entertainers. Travelling being difficult, they would often stay several months in one city before moving on to the next, for life on

the road was then anything but enviable. Strange to say, the young "Jeff" De Angelis showed a greater fondness for the mechanical trades than he did for the theatre. He was a great collector of tools, saving up all his spare change to purchase planes, saws, brace and bits, and other utensils of the carpenter's craft. If he had developed his own way he would probably have become a competent stage carpenter, instead of a comedian. But fate, in the person of a stern father, directed it otherwise.

During several months' stay in Indianapolis the youngster had procured quite a stock of tools, which he packed into a large valise when the order came to move to Galveston, Texas. During the trip, which occupied several days, and involved endless changes of cars, this very heavy valise fell to the lot of the elder De Angelis, a peculiar as well as a talented man, to carry. For two days he bore the burden uncomplainingly and without

question, but finally, as they were walking across a long bridge at Baton Rouge, his patient spirit broke.

"Sue," he said to his wife, "what under the sun is in this valise?"

"Why, Jeffy's tools," responded the fond mother.

There was a great splash, and the river swallowed up Jefferson De Angelis's tools and his ambition to become a carpenter simultaneously. That was a good many years ago, and although one would never think it to look at him, De Angelis has seen service on the stages of many lands and climes since then.

He, himself, does not remember the date of his first public appearance, except that it was some time in 1865. The play in which he took part was a farce, and among his associates were several actors that afterward became very well known, among them Lotta, Backus, Birch, Bernard, the Worrill sisters,

Maggie Moore, who afterward married J. C. Williamson, the Australian manager, and John De Angelis, Jefferson's father.

"You see," remarked De Angelis, "I inherited my place in the theatre, for my father, sister, uncles, aunts, and cousins were on the stage. It was a sort of legacy, which I was bound to accept.

"My sister Sarah — she was professionally known as La Petite Sally — and I started out in 1871 on our own account," he continued. "We had two or three little sketches or one-act plays and did a turn in the variety theatres. We left San Francisco and came East, acting on the way. Our pieces were something after the order of those that Harrigan and Hart used to do, and as we could sing, we found no difficulty in filling profitable engagements of several weeks each. The variety business of those days was conducted differently than the vaudeville of to-day, and one stayed in a town until he wore out his

welcome. Thus, for example, we appeared for twelve continuous weeks at the Howard Athenæum in Boston, when John Stetson was its manager."

This continued until 1879, when the pair found themselves again in San Francisco. From here they started forth once more with a play written for them by Fred Maeder, who belonged to the old theatrical family of Maeders and was a son of Clara Fisher Maeder. The play was called "One Word," and Mr. De Angelis acknowledges that it was pretty poor stuff, measured by a fair standard, though he adds that it answered its purpose at the time. Next they heard that their old friends, J. C. Williamson and Maggie Moore, were reaping a golden harvest in Australia, and De Angelis and his sister were inspired to go and do likewise.

"We struck Sydney," said De Angelis, "but to our sorrow the gold did not pour into our exchequer, and, on the whole, our

season was disastrous. In 1881, however, I was fortunate enough to meet a man who had money, as well as faith in my sister and myself, and together we organised an opera company. Our repertoire included all that Gilbert and Sullivan had written up to that time, and some French operettas, and we also played 'Our Boys,' 'Caste,' 'The Two Roses,' and other comedies of a similar nature. We acted all through Australia, going as far as Cookstown, which was, in fact, as far we could go, for one is then at the sea, besides being within nineteen miles of the equator. The town got its name because it was supposed to be the first place that Captain Cook touched on his voyage of discovery, and when we visited it, it had a population of only six hundred. Theatrical companies very rarely ventured to the place, naturally, but we were on our way to India and Africa, and Cookstown was a favourable point at which to embark.

"A little incident happened there which nearly proved very serious to me. We secured the only hall in town, and were to have it rent free, provided we would erect our own stage, and leave it there when we went away. We could not get carpenters who knew how to build a stage, and so I and one or two others in the company, who had some knowledge of the use of tools, went to work. It was desirable that a lot of flags, which had been hung near the ceiling for a ball, should be taken down. The ceiling was about thirty-five feet high, and the only ladder that could be obtained was made out of bamboo, and was a withy, wriggling sort of an affair. I went up, however, and began to pull down the bunting, a member of the company holding the ladder at the foot. While I was on the upper round, some one came in with a letter for the man that was holding my ladder, and, forgetting all about me in his desire to read the news from home, he let

go his hold, and quicker than a flash the ladder slipped and I began to descend. Frantically I grabbed for the iron rods that strengthened the walls, but only the ends of my fingers touched them, and I swung down. I leaped desperately to catch the frail ladder that I had just left, which had been checked in its descent by coming in contact with something on the wall. But it was all in vain. Down I went, but, in jumping for the ladder, I turned so that, when I struck, I sat squarely and fairly on a chair, smashing it into fragments, and when I got up I was, to the surprise of my companion, but little worse for my experience.

"We remained in this little place for three months, strange as it may seem, and did a fine business, playing three times a week. It was a gala time for the people, who treated us in the most hospitable manner, and regarded the whole show period much as peo-

ple regard a great fair. Finally we left town, taking passage for Hongkong."

The company stayed in Hongkong for three months, going from there to Singapore, Calcutta, and Bombay, stopping on the way at Allahabad, where De Angelis had another adventure, which he relates as follows:

"On the night of the first performance I found, when I reached the theatre, that I had forgotten some of my 'props.' I was obliged to go back to the hotel, and as there was but little time I had to hurry. At the hotel I asked for a short cut to the theatre, and was directed to go across a field. I did so, rushing along at full speed, with my head down, and my eyes on the ground, watching out for ditches and bog-holes. Suddenly I ran against a huge something that was as unyielding as a rock, and down I went in a heap. As soon as I collected my senses I got up and investigated. There stood a big elephant, swinging his head and trunk like the pendu-

lum of a clock, and utterly oblivious, apparently, of the fellow that had thumped up against him.

"I also had a peculiar experience on our trip up the sacred river Ganges. We came across a fat, pudgy-looking old Hindoo sitting on a tomb. We were told that he had been there for fifty years, and that he was regarded as an object of veneration by the people. He was surrounded at all times by a body-guard of priests, who fleeced everybody that happened along, begging for the temple, or selling trinkets. We were told that no one could approach within three feet of the tomb on penalty of death. It was said that the bones of the old fellow's father and mother were buried there, and that the dutiful son had erected the tomb to the memory of his parents. I was rather reckless, and strolled about the place, finally jumping up beside the old chap, without the slightest regard for the danger-line. There

I was discovered trying to scrape an acquaintance with the Hindoo. Immediately a cry was raised by the priests, and a grand rush was made for me. I never let my natural valour get me into trouble if my legs will save me, and so I bolted. I was chased by the whole crowd, but I was too fleet of foot for them and escaped."

Three more months were spent at Bombay, and a trip to South Africa was next decided upon, half on business and half on pleasure. The management agreed to pay expenses all the time, and salary when any acting was done. It was while the company was in Africa that Mr. De Angelis's sister died. The party was bound for Cape Town, but as there was no steamer line to that port from Bombay the players were obliged to go to Mauritius by sailing-vessel. The trip was far from a pleasant one, for first a terrific monsoon nearly wrecked the ship, and then a calm kept the party drifting around for nearly a

month, while the provisions became shorter and shorter. For three weeks canned corned beef was the one article in the menu. From Mauritius a steamer took the actors to Cape Town. They played there, and at Natal, Port Elizabeth, and East London, then took bullock-wagons for Kimberley. They were a month in going, and found the experience thoroughly enjoyable.

Fourteen weeks were spent in Kimberley, and then the bullock-wagons were taken on the return journey to Cape Town. At Cape Town smallpox was epidemic, and the authorities, with characteristic generosity, permitted every one that wished to go to any foreign port to do so, but forbade all intercourse with ports in South Africa. De Angelis returned to Mauritius with the company, leaving his wife and son to follow by a different route. The steamer on which Mrs. De Angelis was a passenger was wrecked in the harbour of Mauritius, though no lives

were lost. The result was that the entire company was detained in Mauritius for three months, until the arrival of another steamer. Finally Bombay was reached on the journey homeward. There the company was backed by a wealthy Parsee, who leased theatres in both Bombay and Calcutta. The Emily Melville Opera Company and Louise Pomeroy were also billed at his houses. Six months were thus passed in India. Next came China and Japan, the organisation, after having been together for about four years, being finally disbanded in Hongkong, some of the players sailing from there for San Francisco, others going to Australia and England.

Directly after his arrival in the United States, Mr. De Angelis played short engagements with several companies until he joined the McCaull Opera Company in 1886. With this he remained for three years. His first part was Sir Despard in Gilbert and Sullivan's

"Ruddygore." Others of his rôles were the Jew in "The Bellman," the prophet in "The Lady or the Tiger," and the Italian in "Clover." He was also successful in the other operas of the McCaull repertoire, "Falka," "The Beggar Student," "The Begum," "Princess Ida," and "The Mikado." In 1890 De Angelis became the leading comedian at the New York Casino, where he remained for another three years. He opened at the Casino in "Poor Jonathan," which ran for 230 nights. After, in these six years, firmly establishing himself as a comedian in opera, De Angelis made what his friends at first declared was a foolish move. He engaged with T. Henry French to act Lord Banbury, a light comedy part in "The Prodigal Daughter," and he did what no one had dared predict — made a success of it.

Next, De Angelis was seen in "The Passing Show" at the Casino. For the two sea-

sons following the fall of 1894 he was with Della Fox in "The Little Trooper" and "Fleur-de-lis," sandwiching between these two operas a summer engagement in New York with Lillian Russell in "Tzigane." Regarding Mr. De Angelis's work in "Fleur-de-lis," Philip Hale wrote:

"Mr. De Angelis was very funny. It has been said of him — but most unjustly — that his art consists in versatility in falling from a height or in stumbling over a chair. It is true that he is acrobatic, and does fall and tumble. If a fall is cleverly managed, it provokes laughter; it always has and probably it always will. Indeed, the only fall in the history of the world that did not excite merriment was the celebrated fall of Adam. Even then some of the animals may have laughed. Surely the serpent snickered. But Mr. De Angelis is much more than an acrobatic comedian. He is a character actor of genuine humour and uncommon skill. He

seldom repeats himself. His rakes, his old noblemen, his eccentrics, all differ in the expression of their amorous follies, or whims and caprices. When he enters, you know at once the character he is to assume, his actions, and his sentiments, from the facial expression, the walk, the gesture, the very make-up. And in his conception and execution he is always consistent. In little ways, even in his quietness, he carries the part and embellishes it. I know of no comedian in comic opera to-day who is so legitimately amusing, intellectually and physically, as Mr. Jefferson De Angelis."

After a failure as a star, in "The Caliph," and an engagement with "Brian Boru," Mr. De Angelis, during the season of 1897–98, appeared with Lillian Russell and Della Fox in "The Wedding Day." It would be ungracious, perhaps, to say that he was the whole show, but certainly there would have been a big barren space without him. On

him the composer and librettist lavished their choicest bits. There were the songs of "The Mermaid and the Whale," and "The Dream of Fair Women" with its chorus of "The Dance of All Nations." It was first, last, and all the time the comedian, and everything seemed to fall to pieces the instant he left the stage. The following season Mr. De Angelis at last made a successful production on his own account, "The Jolly Musketeer" by Stanislaus Stange and Julian Edwards, in which he continued to appear during the season of 1899–1900.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PETER F. DAILEY.

PETER F. DAILEY is a great actor in the extremely popular character of Peter F. Dailey, a part that he has played successfully, under various guises and amid diverse environments, for many seasons. It is not a highly complex rôle at that; it does not sink very deep into the bed-rock of human nature: it would be ridiculous in the extreme to think of it as even pricking the emotions or stirring ever so remotely the sentiments; its appeal to the intelligence, moreover, is entirely superficial, for the reason that its humour is both colloquial and conventional. Yet it is an immensely entertaining personation, for its spontaneity is perfect, its

PETER F. DAILEY.

freshness, ease, and good-fellowship most satisfying, and its humanity, in its limited field of up-to-date Broadway, realistic and suggestively true to life.

Mr. Dailey is unquestionably more successful in playing himself than he would be in playing any one else, and in that respect he affords a decided contrast to many actors, who absolutely refuse to be themselves under any circumstances whatsoever. Dailey was born with the jester's temperament. Probably his stock of original humour is small, for his wit seems to be imitative rather than creative, and is chiefly remarkable for its nimbleness, timeliness, and adaptability. It is to be classed with the humour of the comic weekly; it cultivates no new fields, but works along accepted lines and with recognised forms and types. It is without the bitter cynicism of the satirist, or the sparkle and glitter of the epigrammatist. Dailey's wit has no permanency, and it is

often nonsensical and meaningless examined critically and apart from the conditions that gave it birth. It is literally a flash in the pan that catches one unawares, forcing laughter without thought and leaving one as suddenly, in a condition of mental bewilderment as regards the exact cause for the disturbance.

Dailey has never yet found it expedient to learn the lines and business written for him by the person assuming the responsibility for entertainments in which he has appeared. So thoroughly fixed is Dailey's habit of introducing impromptu speeches, oddly illustrative bits of pantomime, and all sorts of curious conceits of his own devising, that his audiences have come to regard him more in the light of a personal entertainer than as an actor playing a part. Particularly strong has this impression become during Mr. Dailey's long connection with Weber and Fields, by whom he was allowed the utmost liberty in his rôle of jester-extraordinary.

Consistent with his method of acting no one except himself, Dailey never makes any serious change in his personal appearance on the stage. He does, to be sure, wear many suits of clothes, marvellous in their colour schemes and piercing slightly into the future in their cut; but his face changes not one whit. It is the same face, beautified a bit by delicate rouging and powdering for the lime-light glare, that Dailey habitually carries with him on the street. It is a face, round, rosy, and jovial, the proper companion of a figure portly but compact and well poised. Mr. Dailey is indeed a handsome fellow, in a most exasperatingly healthy way. He suggests prosperity, contentment, and all manner of worldly blessings.

Peter Dailey's stage career began in 1876, and his début was made in New York at the Globe Theatre, Broadway. It was in an unclassified mixture of song, dance, and farce, appropriately named "Nondescripts."

Dailey's chief hit was made in the barn door reel, a famous dance of that period. The following year he travelled with Whitney's circus as clown and jumper. In the fall of 1877 the American Four, consisting of Pettengil, Gale, Dailey, and Hoey, was organised, and continued to be a prominent variety theatre attraction until 1885. The quartette played the length and breadth of the United States, and made, individually and collectively, probably the greatest success ever achieved by a variety combination.

After this organisation disbanded, Dailey joined the Boston Howard Athenæum Company, where he remained for three years. Then he quit the varieties for good, first appearing with Kate Castleton as leading comedian. In 1889 he played Le Blanc in "Evangeline," and was credited with rejuvenating the old part. After that he shared with James T. Powers the honours of "A Straight Tip," winning out by means of his bright,

magnetic, and original temperament, his spontaneous humour, and his easy, natural methods. For several seasons he appeared with May Irwin in "A Country Sport" and "The Widow Jones." Then he starred in "The Night Clerk," after which he became one of the chief attractions of the Weber and Fields company.

Mr. Dailey again started forth as a star in the fall of 1900. He appeared in a musical comedy called "Hodge, Podge & Co.," which was founded on the German farce, "Im Himmelhof." The vehicle itself was of very ordinary quality, and its popular success was due entirely to the virtuosity as entertainers of Mr. Dailey and pretty Christie MacDonald, who fairly shared the honours with the star. One was so consistently and continuously astonished by the joyous irresponsibility of Mr. Dailey, and so completely hypnotised by the appealing charm of the resourceful and versatile Miss MacDonald, that he scarcely

had time to be bored by a stupid play or even shocked by inexcusable coarseness and vulgarity.

George V. Hobart, who assumed the responsibility of adapting the German farce, had scarcely advanced a full measure with the English version before he became wofully entangled in the plot. By the time the first act was half over, he had every member of the company — except Mr. Dailey and Miss MacDonald, who refused absolutely to have anything to do with the story of the play — busily engaged in trying to untie impossible knots. Although Dailey would conscientiously bat the unfortunate plot over the head every time it tried to peek over the footlights while he was on the stage, still it managed, when the star was in his dressing-room changing his clothes, to get in the way more times than were convenient. The plot considerately rested during the greater part of the second act, but it had recuperated by

the time the third act was reached, and it took the combined efforts of the entire company finally to strangle it into submission.

Mr. Hobart apparently was not experienced in the serving of musical comedy. He was in the explanatory stage of his development. Of course, we who are not dramatists know that nothing about a musical comedy needs explaining. When Mrs. Hodge's daughter by her first husband came into the scene, for example, we were not in the least interested in learning that she had run away from her boarding-school on the Hudson. We saw for ourselves that she was a pretty girl, and it sufficed. Naturally, too, one expects songs in a musical comedy, and does not mind when and where they are fired in. Consequently we regarded — and rightly, too — Mr. Hobart's laborious attempts to introduce his musical numbers gracefully as so much time and effort wasted.

Peter Dailey worked hard for success, and personally he obtained it. He maintained fully his reputation as the ace of trumps in the game of "jollying," and he manœuvred his audience into a state of mind in which it was capable — as did Hoyt's farce, "A Milk White Flag" — of regarding a military funeral as a joke. There is no accounting for that sort of thing. Daily does it because he cannot help it. The faculty was born in him.

CYRIL SCOTT
in "A Runaway Girl."

CHAPTER XIX.

LIGHT COMEDY IN OPERA AND ITS EXPONENTS.

The light comedy field in opera, like the light comedy field in drama, is far from being overcrowded. Indeed, an alarmist might have reason for declaring that light comedy acting was in danger of becoming extinct. Charles Wyndham still upholds the traditions in England. Nat Goodwin is, perhaps, the best we have on this side, though Fritz Williams, whose talents, to be sure, for a season or two, have been dissipated in inconsequential farces, is fully as polished and almost as resourceful as Goodwin. Ranking but little beneath these two, and certainly with no superior in the musical field, is Cyril Scott,

whose diversified work in the musical comedy productions of the late Augustin Daly brought him into widespread prominence. In the series of musical comedies recently presented at the New York Casino, Harry Davenport has also shown unusual skill in wrestling with the torments and perplexities of juvenile comedy rôles.

Light comedy acting demands a peculiar talent for reproducing the spontaneity of nature, which it is impossible for a player, however versatile and accomplished in other walks of dramatic art, either to develop artificially or to acquire by experience. The knack must be born in the actor. It is very easy to underestimate the ability of the artistic light comedian. So closely is he playing to nature that he is, to a degree, a victim of his own art. When he is doing his best work, it is inevitable that he attracts the least attention. Then it is that one forgets completely that he is acting. Thoroughly

identified as the light comedian is with the character which he is portraying, the spectator forgets entirely that it is not the actor himself whom he sees on the stage. Such complete identification is the greatest of artistic triumphs, but it is unfortunately a triumph unappreciated save by the experienced observer. The neophyte, not seeing the external evidence of artificiality, passes the impersonation by with scarcely a thought.

The manner of light comedy acting is exceedingly fine and elusive; it must be so, for in no other variety of characterisation does the actor come so directly in comparison with life as the average man knows it. The actor is, in truth, playing every-day life, and his sincerity must be well-nigh perfect, his methods thoroughly realistic, and his dramatic instinct true and unerring, successfully to stand the test. Finish, delicacy, repose, and refinement, without effeminacy, are the cardinal points in the art of the light comedian, and to these

must be joined vivacity and merriment, a touch of sentiment, and an inherent chivalry, for the light comedian, however prankish his disposition and however sportive his temperament, must be at heart a man.

Of course, in opera or in musical comedy a certain allowance is of necessity made for artificiality, or else the whole dramatic scheme would be impossible. Yet, even with this allowance in his favour, the juvenile comedian in opera finds himself confronted by practically the same difficulties that beset the light comedian in drama. He, too, must closely approximate nature. When inspiration fails, he cannot, after the habit of the "dog-faced" comedian, fall back on ancient jokes and weird and astounding physical contortions; he must play his part "straight," and still he must be infinite in resource. Moreover, he must be pleasant to look upon and attractive in personality, moderately gifted in song, agile and graceful in the dance, with a satisfactory

sense of humour, and the happy faculty of getting the point of a quib unhesitatingly to the audience.

Cyril Scott, who may stand as the representative light comedian in opera in this country, was born at Banbridge, County Down, Ireland, on Feb. 9, 1866, but has lived in the United States since early childhood. His first appearance on the stage was made in August, 1883, at the Opera House in Paterson, N. J., when he acted in a play called "The Girl I Love, or the Diamond Mystery."

"How did I come to take up the stage?" said Mr. Scott, repeating a query. "The father of one of my schoolmates was a dramatic critic on a New York paper. He saw me in a minstrel exhibition and suggested that I go on the stage professionally. I was ready enough, but my father would not hear of it. At last, however, he consented to let me try for a stipulated time, and I

set about finding my first engagement. The only thing I could get was the opportunity to play two parts, — one of them a negro, — with a one night stand company, at three dollars a week and my board. I remember how the manager used to come back every night, and say, 'Scott, you make the worst nigger I ever saw.' And as invariably I used to shake him by the hand, and answer, 'Thank you, sir,' for I despised the part, and actually felt complimented to know that I did not do it well.

"When we got as far as Chicago the backer went broke, and we were stranded. My father sent money to bring me home, and then I got another engagement with Minnie Maddern in 'Caprice' at fifteen dollars a week. The part was such an insignificant one that when a shift in managers was made, and the play passed into the hands of the Frohman brothers, — Charles, Daniel, and Gustave, — and the other members of the

company were told that they could go, I was overlooked because the new proprietors did not know my name. The fresh cast was called to a rehearsal at the Grand Opera House before being sent out to Indianapolis, and I went with the rest. There were the three managers sitting down in front to pass judgment on us, and I was shaking in my shoes. After the thing was over Daniel Frohman sent for me.

"'What is your name?' he asked.

"I told him, whereupon he announced that I was to be retained with the company at thirty dollars a week; and all has been plain sailing for me from that day on."

Mr. Scott was with Minnie Maddern during the seasons of 1884, 1885, and 1886, playing in "In Spite of All," as well as in "Caprice." He joined Richard Mansfield for the season of 1886–87, appearing in "Prince Karl," and other plays. His next engagement was with Lotta in "Pawn Ticket 210" and "The Little Detective," and dur-

ing the season of 1888–89 he supported Edward H. Sothern in "Lord Chumley," "The Highest Bidder," and later in "The Maister of Woodbarrow." He joined the Lyceum Theatre Company, and toured in "Sweet Lavender" during the season of 1889–90, and the following season he was a member of the stock company at the Lyceum, playing in "Old Heads and Young Hearts" and other productions. Next he joined Charles Frohman's stock company, and acted in "Men and Women," "The Lost Paradise," "The Councillor's Wife," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "The Younger Son," "Sowing the Wind," "The Luck of Roaring Camp," and "The Gudgeons." He spent a year with DeWolf Hopper in "Dr. Syntax," a season with Mrs. Leslie Carter in "The Heart of Maryland," and a season with "Lost, Strayed, or Stolen," and "My Friend from India." With Augustin Daly's company he appeared in "The Circus Girl,"

"The Geisha," and "A Runaway Girl." His latest engagements have been with Anna Held in "Papa's Wife," and in "The Lady Slavey" and "The Casino Girl."

The second light comedian who promises to develop into an artist of unusual attainments, Harry Davenport, has by inheritance a thoroughly reliable sense of the dramatically appropriate, and this sense he has further strengthened by a fairly well rounded experience. He invests all his juveniles with charm of personality, which is never disturbed by any lack of ease or any notion of self-consciousness. He is facile in expression, mentally alert, and his work is witness of that incisiveness and finish so necessary in any form of light comedy.

Harry Davenport comes of a family illustrious in the annals of the stage in this country. E. L. Davenport was considered by many of the theatre-goers of his time the best Shakesperean actor then on the Ameri-

can stage. Especially is his name connected with Sir Giles Overreach, "The Lion of St. Marks," William in "Black-eyed Susan," "Richard III.," "Hamlet," and Bill Sykes in "Oliver Twist," the latter character being played with a star combination, which included besides Davenport, J. W. Wallack as Fagin, and Lucille Western as Nancy. Mrs. Davenport's maiden name was Fanny Vining, and she was a dancer on the English stage as a child. There is still, I believe, in the Davenport family, a set of gold cuff buttons presented to Mrs. Davenport by Queen Victoria in appreciation of her dancing. Mrs. Davenport died in 1892 at the Davenport homestead, in Canton, Pennsylvania, where E. L. Davenport passed away.

There were nine children in the Davenport family, and nearly every one of them has been at some time or other on the stage. The most famous was Fanny, who was born in 1850 and died in September, 1898. She

HARRY DAVENPORT.

made her début as an actress, when she was only nine years old, as King Charles in "Faint Heart Ne'er Won Fair Lady." For many years previous to her death she was a prominent dramatic star, impersonating successfully in this country the strenuous heroines of the Sardou plays which were written for Sarah Bernhardt.

Three others of the Davenport children are dead, — Lillie, Adele, and Eddie. Those living are Blanche, May, Florence, Edgar, and Harry. Blanche, known professionally as Bianca la Blanche, was an opera singer, and a great favourite in Naples, Italy, where she sang for a number of years. She also toured this country. She is now living in retirement at the Davenport homestead in Canton. Florence, also retired and living in Philadelphia, was both an actress and a singer. She was a member of the opera company organised by John T. Ford, of Baltimore. May is the wife of William Seymour, promi-

nent in the theatrical world as a stage-manager. She was connected with the Boston Museum Company before her marriage. Edgar L. Davenport is recognised as one of the best leading men in the country. He made his first stage appearance as a child with his father in "Pizarro" and "Damon and Pythias" at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. These appearances were purely incidental, however, and he was not seen behind the footlights again until 1878, when he acted the Surgeon Major at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in one of the earliest American productions of "The Exiles." In that cast he appeared under the assumed name of H. G. Davis. He may be said to have received his training in the Boston Museum Stock Company, with which he was connected for five years. Since then he has appeared in "The Crust of Society," "Cumberland, '61," "Pudd'nhead Wilson," and "The Christian."

Harry was the youngest of the Davenport family, and was born in New York. He also first went on the stage under his father's guidance, his earliest attempt at acting having been made when he was five years old, as Damon's boy in "Damon and Pythias." One of his experiences shortly afterward, in "Jack Cade," in which he was playing a child's part, he describes as follows:

"My father was one of those serious-minded actors of the old school, to whom guying or any inattention to business while upon the stage was intolerable. What I had done to displease him I have quite forgotten, — some childish sin of omission or commission, I suppose, — yet I never shall forget the awed feeling with which I obeyed the command of the stage-manager to report directly at my father's dressing-room. He bade me be seated with as grave courtesy as though I were one of the grown-up actors in his company. Then, as he proceeded to make his

change for the next act, he spoke, without anger, but with a seriousness of word and gesture that impressed themselves indelibly on my memory. 'Sir,' said he, 'the part which you are playing is a small one, nevertheless I exact from the members of my company strict attention to business. Unless you can attend more readily, you must be replaced by some one else.' Never had the dignity of my calling occurred to me before, and when my father had finished his kindly lecture upon what the future might hold for me if I were sufficiently earnest, I promised, like the good little boy in the story-book, 'never to do so any more.'"

As a lad Harry belonged to Ford's Juvenile Pinafore Company, which appeared at the Broad Street Theatre, Philadelphia, every afternoon, while the same opera was being given at night by the regular company, in which, by the way, his sister Florence was singing Josephine to the Hebe of Belle

Archer, and the Sir Joseph Porter of George Denham. Harry afterward joined the stock company at the Girard Avenue Theatre, Philadelphia, and even managed the theatre during one unsuccessful season.

He is best known, however, through his connection with the George W. Lederer musical comedies at the New York Casino. In "The Belle of New York" he first played the youthful Harry Bronson. In London he showed his versatility by taking the character of the elder Bronson, created by Dan Daly, in which he made a decided success. During the season of 1899–1900, Mr. Davenport was the gay French nobleman in "The Rounders," who fell in love with his own wife. In the spring he also appeared in a revival of "The Lady Slavey" at the Columbia Theatre in Boston, and later he was in the cast of "The Burgomaster," in Chicago.

THE END.

INDEX.

Adolphi, Gustavus, 95.
"Adonis," Dixey, Henry E., 190, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203.
"Adventures of François," Dixey, Henry E., 190.
"After Dark," Seabrooke, Thomas Q., 127.
"Africa," Harlan, Otis, 214.
Alcazar Opera Company, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165.
"All That Glitters Is Not Gold," Barnabee, H. C., 183.
"Ameer," Daniels, Frank, 153.
"American Beauty," Carle, Richard, 217. Sykes, Jerome, 167.
American Four, 260.
"Amorita," Wilson, Francis, 32.
Anderson, Mary, 136.
"Apajune," Wilson, Francis, 32.
"Aphrodite," Seabrooke, Thomas Q., 127.
Archer, Belle, 278, 279.
Aronson, Rudolph, 32.
"Around the World in Eighty Days," Jones, Walter, 54.
Atkinson, Charles, 148.
"Attorney," Daniels, Frank, 153.
"Aunt Bridget's Baby," Jones, Walter, 55.
Austin, Mrs. Joseph, 96.

"Babes in the Woods," Dixey, Henry E., 196.
Backus, Charles, 35, 241.
Baker, George M., 185, 186.
"Barbara Fidgety," Weber and Fields, 105.
Barnabee, H. C., 166, 176.
Barnabee, Willis, 178, 179.
Barnet, R. A., 136.
Baxter, Sylvester, 187.
Beaudet, Rose, 95.
Beers, Newton, 159.
"Beggar Student," Daniels, Frank, 150.

DeAngelis, Jefferson, 252.
Hopper, DeWolf, 64, 80, 81, 83.
"Begum,"
DeAngelis, Jefferson, 252.
Hopper, DeWolf, 80.
Bell, Digby, 224.
Bell, Laura Joyce, 234, 235.
"Belle of New York,"
Daly, Dan, 170, 171, 172, 175.
Davenport, Harry, 279.
"Bellman," DeAngelis, Jefferson, 252.
Hopper, DeWolf, 80.
Bergen, Nella, 90.
Bernard, Dick, 115.
Bernard, Sam, 114.
Betsy B. (see Mrs. Joseph Austin).
"Billee Taylor," Dixey, Henry E., 196.
"Blackbird," Hopper, DeWolf, 74.
"Black Hussar," Hopper, DeWolf, 80, 85, 86.
"Black Sheep," Harlan, Otis, 209, 210, 215, 216.
"Boccaccio," Hopper, DeWolf, 80.
Boston Ideals, 187.
Bostonians, 166, 167, 187.
Bowser, Charles W., 128.
"Box and Cox," Barnabee, H. C., 183.
"Boys and Girls," Harlan, Otis, 214.
Bradshaw, Charles, 28.
"Brass Monkey," Harlan, Otis, 212, 214.
"Brian Boru," DeAngelis, Jefferson, 254.
Brown, Allen A., 184.
"Bunch of Keys," Powers, James T., 50.
"Burgomaster," Davenport, Harry, 279.
Burnett, Mrs. Frances Hodgson, 235.
Byrne, Charles Alfred, 132.

"Cadet Girl," Daly, Dan, 175.
"Caliph," DeAngelis, Jefferson, 254.
Canby, A. H., 28.
"Caprice," Scott, Cyril, 270, 271.
"Captain Fracasse," Hopper, DeWolf, 80.
Carle, Richard, 217.
Carleton Opera Company, 95.
Carl Rosa Opera Company, 184.
Carney, James, 50.
Carter, Mrs. Leslie, 33, 34, 272.
Cary, Annie Louise, 75, 182.
Casino, New York, 18, 20, 32, 39, 51, 175, 252, 266, 279.
"Casino Girl,"
Carle, Richard, 217, 218.
Scott, Cyril, 273.
"Caste,"
DeAngelis, Jefferson, 244.
Hopper, DeWolf, 68.
Wilson, Francis, 30.

"Castles in the Air," Hopper, DeWolf, 87. Seabrooke, Thomas Q., 132.
Castleton, Kate, 129, 260.
Cayvan, Georgia, 75.
"Celebrated Case," Seabrooke, Thomas Q., 127.
Chadwick, George W., 136.
"Charity Begins at Home," Bell, Digby, 233.
"Charleton," Hopper, DeWolf, 88.
"Chieftain," Wilson, Francis, 40.
"Children of the Ghetto," Carle, Richard, 221, 222, 223.
"Chilperic," Powers, James T., 51.
"Chimes of Normandy," Daniels, Frank, 147. Golden, Richard, 98.
"Chris and the Wonderful Lamp," Sykes, Jerome, 157, 167.
"Cigarette," Seabrooke, Thomas Q., 122, 123.
"Cinderella at School," Dixey, Henry E., 196.
"Circus Girl," Powers, James T., 53. Scott, Cyril, 272.
"City Directory," Daly, Dan, 174.
Clayton, Estelle, 127.
"Clover," DeAngelis, Jefferson, 252. Hopper, DeWolf, 80.
Coleman, Helen, 124.
Colville, Samuel, 127.
"Confusion," Dixey, Henry E., 197.
"Conscience," Hopper, DeWolf, 67.
Coquelin, Constant, 35.
Corinne, 173.
"Corner Grocery," Bernard, Sam, 115.
"Corsair," Dixey, Henry E., 196.
"Councillor's Wife," Scott, Cyril, 272.
"Country Sport," Dailey, Peter F., 261.
"Cox and Box," Barnabee, H. C., 184.
Crane, William H., 26, 88.
"Crowing Hen," Hopper, DeWolf, 80.
Crox, Elvia, 124.
"Crystal Slipper," Daly, Dan, 173.
"Cyrano de Bergerac," Wilson, Francis, 14, 15, 40, 41, 42.

Dailey, Peter F., 34, 105, 220, 256.
Daly, Augustin, 53, 128, 194, 203, 205, 266, 272.
Daly, Dan, 58, 168, 279.
Daly, Robert, 169, 174.
Daly, Thomas A., 168, 169, 174.
Daly, Win, 169, 174.
"Damon and Pythias," Davenport, Harry, 277.
"Dangerous Maid," Carle, Richard, 221.
Daniels, Frank, 141, 212.

"Danites," Seabrooke, Thomas Q, 127.
Davenport, Blanche, 275.
Davenport, E. L., 25, 273, 274.
Davenport, Mrs. E. L., 274.
Davenport, E. L., Jr., 275, 276.
Davenport, Fanny, 274, 275.
Davenport, Florence, 275, 278.
Davenport, Harry, 266, 273.
Davenport, May, 275, 276.
Davenport, Warren, 184.
Davis, Jessie Bartlett, 95.
Davis, Sam, 96.
"Davy Jones," Daly, Dan, 174.
"Day and a Night," Harlan, Otis, 215.
DeAngelis, Jefferson, 77, 236.
DeAngelis, John, 242.
DeAngelis, Sarah, 242, 249.
Decker, Nelson, 125.
Denham, George, 279.
DeQuille, Dan (see George Wright).
"Desviet," Hopper, DeWolf, 80.
"Devil's Deputy," Wilson, Francis, 39, 40.
Dickson, J. B., 127.
"Distinguished Foreigners," Dixey, Henry E., 197.
Dixey, Henry E., 97, 98, 189.
"Dollars and Sense," Seabrooke, Thomas Q, 128.
"Don Cæsar," Hopper, DeWolf, 80.
"Don Quixote," Barnabee, H. C., 187.
Dow, Howard M., 182, 185.
"Dreams," Powers, James T., 50.
"Dr. Syntax,"
  Hopper, DeWolf, 87.
  Scott, Cyril, 272.
"Drum Major," Powers, James T., 52.
Duff, J. C., 233.
"Duke's Motto," Dixey, Henry E., 197.

Edouin, Willie, 50.
Edwards, Julian, 237, 255.
Eichberg, Julius, 184.
"El Capitan," Hopper, DeWolf, 87, 88.
"Electric Doll," Daniels, Frank, 148.
"Enoch Arden," Sykes, Jerome, 160.
"Erminie,"
  Powers, James T., 52.
  Seabrooke, Thomas Q., 139, 140.
  Wilson, Francis, 18, 20, 32, 33, 34, 36, 39.
"Evangeline," Dailey, Peter F., 260.
  Dixey, Henry E., 195, 196.
  Golden, Richard, 97, 98.
  Powers, James T., 50.
"Excelsior, Jr.," Carle, Richard, 220.

"Fakir," Seabrooke, Thomas Q., 132.

"Falka,"
DeAngelis, Jefferson, 252.
Hopper, DeWolf, 80.
Wilson, Francis, 32.
"Fatinitza,"
Barnabee, H. C., 187.
Hopper, DeWolf, 80.
"Favette," Seabrooke, Thomas Q., 127.
"Fencing Master," Sykes, Jerome, 166.
Ferguson, William J., 28.
"Fiedermaus," Hopper, DeWolf, 80.
Fields, Lou M., 102.
"Fille du Tambour Major," Golden, Richard, 95, 96.
First Corps of Cadets, 136.
Fiske, Minnie Maddern, 270, 271.
Fitch, Clyde, 105.
"Fleur-de-lis," DeAngelis, Jefferson, 253, 254.
"Folback," Hopper, 80.
"Fortune Teller," Golden, Richard, 99.
"49," Seabrooke, Thomas Q., 127.
"1492," Jones, Walter, 57, 58, 61.
Fox, Della, 253, 254.
French, T. Henry, 252.
Frohman, Charles, 270, 272.
Frohman, Daniel, 75, 270, 271.
Frohman, Gustave, 270.

Gardiner, Ella, 89.
Gaylord, Julia, 184.
"Geisha,"
Powers, James T., 53.
Scott, Cyril, 273.
Gemmill, William D., 28.
"Genevieve," Jones, Walter, 60.
Gilbert, W. S., 154, 155, 251.
Gill, William, 126.
Gilman, Ada, 68.
"Gipsy Baron," Wilson, Francis, 32.
"Girl I Love," Scott, Cyril, 269.
"Gloriana," Harlan, Otis, 215.
Glover, Lyman B., 41.
Golden, Richard, 91, 195.
"Golden Wedding," Daly, Dan, 174.
"Gondoliers," Wilson, Francis, 39.
Goodwin, J. Cheever, 39.
Goodwin, N. C., 88, 137, 265.
Goshe, Jacob, 68.
"Grab Bag," Jones, Walter, 55.
"Grand Duchess," Bell, Digby, 233.
"Grand Vizier" (see "Tobasco"), Seabrooke, Thomas Q., 136.
"Greek Slave," Carle, Richard, 221.
"Gudgeons," Scott, Cyril, 222.
Gunter A. C., 128.

Hale, Philip, 253, 254.
"Half-a-King," Wilson, Francis, 40.

Hall, Pauline, 99.
Hamblin, John A., 132.
Harlan, Otis, 34, 208.
Harrigan, Edward, 26, 74, 115, 119, 242.
Harris, Augustus, 51.
Harrison, Louis, 132.
Hart, Josh, 115, 242.
Harte, Bret, 96.
Hatch, Alonzo, 95.
"Hazel Kirke," Hopper, DeWolf, 63, 75, 84, 85.
"Heart of Maryland," Scott, Cyril, 272.
Held, Anna, 273.
"Her Atonement," Seabrooke, Thomas Q., 127.
Herbert, Victor, 42.
Herne, James A., 93.
"Hiawatha," Dixey, Henry E., 196.
"Highest Bidder," Scott, Cyril, 272.
"Highwayman," Sykes, Jerome, 157, 158, 167.
Hobart, George V., 262, 263,
"Hodge, Podge & Co.," Dailey, Peter F., 261, 262, 263, 264.
Hoey, George, 128.
"Hole in the Ground," Harlan, Otis, 212.
Holland, George, 126.
"Hoosier Doctor," Bell, Digby, 235.
Hopper, DeWolf, 16, 63, 132, 217, 233, 272.
Hopper, Edna Wallace, 90.
"Horrors," Dixey, Henry E., 196.
Hoyt, Charles H., 110, 111, 118, 128, 129, 131, 150, 151, 174, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 215, 218, 225, 234, 264.

"Idol's Eye," Daniels, Frank, 153.
"In Gay New York," Jones, Walter, 58, 59.
"In Gotham," Carle, Richard, 221.
"In Spite of All," Scott, Cyril, 271.
"Indiana," Bell, Digby, 233.
"Iolanthe," Dixey, Henry E., 197.
"Irish Aristocracy," Seabrooke, Thomas Q., 124.
Irving, Henry, 199, 200.
Irwin, May, 112, 214, 261.
"Isle of Champagne,"
Golden, Richard,
Harlan, Otis, 215.
Seabrooke, Thomas Q., 118, 121, 132, 133, 134, 135.

"Jack Cade," Davenport, Harry, 277.
Jefferson, Joseph, 33, 37, 45, 88, 239.
"Jerseyman," Seabrooke, Thomas Q., 125.
"Joe Hurst, Gentleman," Bell, Digby, 235.
"Jolly Musketeer," DeAngelis, Jefferson, 237, 238, 239, 255.
Jones, Walter, 54.
"Josephine Sold by Her

Sister," Hopper, DeWolf, 80.
"Julius Cæsar," Harlan, Otis, 213, 214.
"Jupiter," Bell, Digby, 233.

Karl, Tom, 186, 187.
"Keep It Dark," Seabrooke, Thomas Q., 128.
"King Cole," Seabrooke, Thomas Q., 132.
Kiralfy, Irma, 54, 61.
Klaw and Erlanger, 58, 109, 110.
Koster and Bial, 109.

"Lady or the Tiger,"
DeAngelis, Jefferson, 252.
Hopper, DeWolf, 64, 80, 81, 82, 83.
"Lady Slavey,"
Carle, Richard, 220.
Daly, Dan, 58, 170, 171, 172, 175.
Davenport, Harry, 279.
Jones, Walter, 58.
Scott, Cyril, 273.
Lawton, Frank, 218, 219.
Lederer, George W., 174, 279.
Leslie, Amy, 205, 206, 207.
Lewis, Catherine, 101.
Lewis, Jeffreys, 125.
"Lieutenant Helene," Dixey, Henry E., 197.
"Lion Tamer," Wilson, Francis, 36, 39, 40.
"Little Corporal," Wilson, Francis, 40.
"Little Detective," Scott, Cyril, 271.
"Little Puck,"
Daniels, Frank, 141, 143, 152.
Harlan, Otis, 212.
"Little Trooper," DeAngelis, Jefferson, 253.
"Little Tycoon," Seabrooke, Thomas Q., 129.
"London Assurance," Wilson, Francis, 29.
"Loraine," Hopper, DeWolf, 80.
"Lord Chumley," Scott, Cyril, 272.
"Lost Paradise," Scott, Cyril, 272.
"Lost, Strayed, or Stolen," Scott, Cyril, 272.
Lotta, 241, 271.
"Luck of Roaring Camp," Scott, Cyril, 272.
Lyceum Theatre Company, 272.
Lytell, W. H., 124.

MacDonald, Christie, 261.
MacDonald, William H., 187.
Mackin, James, 25, 26, 27, 28.
"Mad Bargain," Powers, James T., 52.
"Madame Favart," Bell, Digby, 233.
Maeder, Clara Fisher, 243.
Maeder, Fred, 243.
Maffit, James S., 195.
"Magic Kiss" (see "Wang").
"Maid of Plymouth," Barnabee, H. C., 187.

"Maister of Woodbarrow," Scott, Cyril, 272.
"Mam'selle 'Awkins," Carle, Richard, 221.
"Man in the Moon," Bernard, Sam, 114.
"Man with a Hundred Heads," Dixey, Henry E., 202.
Manchester, Robert, 115, 116.
Mansfield, Richard, 271.
Marion, George, 214.
"Marquis," Powers, James T., 51.
"Married Life," Barnabee, H. C., 184.
"Mascotte,"
Dixey, Henry E., 196, 197.
Golden, Richard, 96.
Sykes, Jerome, 161.
"May Blossom," Hopper, DeWolf, 75.
McAuley, Barney, 125, 126.
McCaull Opera Company, 20, 31, 32, 64, 80, 89, 148, 233, 251.
McClannin, R. T., 183
McKay, F. E., 68, 76.
McNally, John J., 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 168.
"Member from Jarvis Section," Seabrooke, Thomas Q., 125.
"Men and Women," Scott, Cyril," 272.
"Merry Duchess," Dixey, Henry E., 197.
"Merry Monarch," Wilson, Francis, 36, 39.
"Merry War,"
Golden, Richard, 95, 96, 98.
Wilson, Francis, 32.
"Merry Wives of Windsor," Hopper, DeWolf, 88.
"Merry World," Daly, Dan, 175.
Mestayer, W. A., 55, 174.
Miaco, Tom, 108.
"Midnight Bell,"
Bell, Digby, 225, 234.
Seabrooke, Thomas Q., 129, 130, 131, 132.
"Mikado,"
Bell, Digby, 232, 233.
DeAngelis, Jefferson, 252.
"Miss McQuilty," Daly, Dan, 174.
Mitchell, Langdon, 190.
Mitchell, S. Weir, 190.
"M'liss," Wilson, Francis, 30.
Mosher, Ida, 89.
"Mr. Marconi," Harlan, Otis, 214.
"Mrs. Partington," Seabrooke, Thomas Q., 125.
Munroe, George, 56.
Murphy, Tim, 211.
Murray, J. K., 95.
"My Friend from India," Scott, Cyril, 272.

"Nadjy,"
Powers, James T., 52.
Wilson, Francis, 32.
"Nanon," Wilson, Francis, 32.
Neilsen, Alice, 99.

"New Boy," Powers, James T., 52.
"New Evangeline," Dixey, Henry E., 197.
"Night Clerk," Dailey, Peter F., 261.
"Night Off," Dixey, Henry E., 204.
"'97–79," Seabrooke, Thomas Q., 125.
"Nondescripts," Dailey, Peter F., 259, 260.
Norton, John W., 136, 137.
Nuendorf, Ad., 125.

"Ogalallas," Barnabee, H. C., 187.
"Old Heads and Young Hearts," Scott, Cyril, 272.
"Old Jed Prouty," Golden, Richard, 91, 92, 93, 94, 97, 98, 100.
"Oliver Goldsmith," Dixey, Henry E., 189, 190, 205, 206, 207.
"One Hundred Wives," Hopper, DeWolf, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74.
"One of the Finest," Seabrooke, Thomas Q., 125.
"One Round of Pleasure,"
Carle, Richard, 220, 221.
Jones, Walter, 59.
Rogers Brothers, 109, 110.
"One Word," DeAngelis, Jefferson, 243.
"Oolah," Wilson, Francis, 39, 40, 42.
Ott, Joe, 220.
"Our Boys,"
DeAngelis, Jefferson, 244.
Hopper, DeWolf, 68.
"Our Goblins," Wilson, Francis, 30, 31.

"Panjandrum," Hopper, DeWolf, 87.
"Papa's Wife," Scott, Cyril, 273.
"Paper Doll," Seabrooke, Thomas Q., 129.
"Passing Show,"
DeAngelis, Jefferson, 252.
Jones, Walter, 58.
Pastor, Tony, 108, 109.
"Patience,"
Bell, Digby, 233.
Dixey, Henry E., 196.
"Pawn Ticket 210," Scott, Cyril, 271.
Perry, Irene, 105.
"Pinafore,"
Barnabee, H. C., 186.
Bell, Digby, 230.
Daniels, Frank, 148.
Davenport, Harry, 278.
Dixey, Henry E., 196, 197.
Wilson, Francis, 31.
Pixley, Annie, 30.
Pomeroy, Louise, 127, 128, 251.
"Poor Jonathan," DeAngelis, Jefferson, 252.
"Pounce & Co.," Dixey, Henry E., 197.
Powers, James T., 44, 220, 260.

"Prince Ananias," Barnabee, H. C., 187.
"Prince Karl," Scott, Cyril, 21.
"Prince Methusalem," Wilson, Francis, 32.
"Princess Bonnie," Daniels, Frank, 153.
"Princess Chic," Golden, Richard, 99.
"Princess Ida," DeAngelis, Jefferson, 252.
"Princess Nicotine," Bell, Digby, 233.
"Princess of Trebizonde," Wilson, Francis, 32.
"Prodigal Daughter," DeAngelis, Jefferson, 252.
"Pulse of New York," Jones, Walter, 56, 57.

"Queen's Lace Handkerchief," Wilson, Francis, 32.

"Rag Baby," Daniels, Frank, 141, 150, 151.
"Rain Makers," Rogers Brothers, 109.
Reed, Charles, 34.
"Reign of Error," Rogers Brothers, 110.
"Revels," Dixey, Henry E., 196.
Rice, Edward E., 50, 56, 57, 58, 195, 235.
"Rivals,"
Hopper, DeWolf, 88.
Seabrooke, Thomas Q., 139.
"Robin Hood,"
Barnabee, H. C., 187.
Sykes, Jerome, 166.
"Robinson Crusoe," Dixey, Henry E., 196.
Robson, May, 105.
Robson, Stuart, 205, 207.
Rogers Brothers, 107, 116.
"Rogers Brothers in Wall Street," Rogers Brothers, 110, 112, 114.
"Romany Rye," Dixey, Henry E., 197.
"Rooms to Rent," Seabrooke, Thomas Q., 124.
Rosenfeld, Sydney, 81, 82.
Ross, Charles J., 105.
"Rounders,"
Daly, Dan, 169, 170, 171, 175.
Davenport, Harry, 279.
Seabrooke, Thomas Q., 119, 139, 140.
"Ruddygore," DeAngelis, Jefferson, 251, 252.
"Ruling Passion," Seabrooke, Thomas Q., 125.
"Runaway Girl,"
Powers, James T., 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 53.
Scott, Cyril, 273.
Russell, John, 174.
Russell, Lillian, 88, 105, 139, 167, 233, 253, 254.

"Said Pasha," Sykes, Jerome, 165.
Salvini, Tomaso, 77, 78.
Sanger, Frank W., 28.
Scott, Cyril, 265, 269.

Seabrooke, Thomas Q., 118, 215.
Seaver, L. M., 124.
"Serenade," Barnabee, H. C., 187.
"Serious Family," Barnabee, H. C., 184.
"Seven Ages," Dixey, Henry E., 202.
"7-20-8," Dixey, Henry E., 204, 205.
Seymour, William, 275, 276.
Sharpley, Sam, 98.
Sheridan, William E., 28.
Sinn, Colonel, 128.
"Sir Marmaduke," Barnabee, H. C., 184.
Smith, Edgar, 105.
Smith, Harry B., 105.
"Society Fads," Daly, Dan, 174.
"Sonnambula," Bell, Digby, 227, 228, 229.
"Sorcerer,"
Bell, Digby, 232, 233.
Dixey, Henry E., 197.
Sothern, E. A., 45.
Sothern, E. H., 272.
"Sowing the Wind," Scott, Cyril, 272.
"Speculator," Seabrooke, Thomas Q., 139.
Spenser, Willard, 129.
Stange, Stanislaus, 237, 255.
Stanley, Charles, 29.
"Star Gazer," Carle, Richard, 220.
Stetson, John, 194, 197, 243.
Stockton, Frank, 81.
Stone, Amy, 123.
Stone, Henry F., 23.
"Straight Tip,"
Carle, Richard, 220.
Dailey, Peter F., 260. 261.
Powers, James T. 52.
"Stranger in New York," Harlan, Otis, 215.
Stromberg, John, 105.
Sullivan, Arthur, 154, 155, 184, 251.
Sullivan, James E., 218.
Sully, Daniel, 115.
"Sweet Lavender," Scott, Cyril, 272.
Sykes, Jerome, 154.

Talor, Jay, 95.
"Tar and Tartar," Bell, Digby, 233.
Tempest, Marie, 166.
Templeton Opera Company, 159.
"Ten Nights in a Barroom," Seabrooke, Thomas Q., 126.
"Texas Steer," Harlan, Otis, 214.
Thatcher, George, 214.
Thomas, Augustus, 189, 190, 205, 235.
Thompson, Denman, 130.
Thompson, Lydia, 102.
"Thoroughbred," Dixey, Henry E., 205.
"Three Dragoons," Sykes, Jerome, 167.
"Tin Soldier,"
Powers, James T., 51.
Seabrooke, Thomas Q., 128.

"Tobasco," Harlan, Otis, 215.
Seabrooke, Thomas Q., 135, 136.
"Tourist," Jones, Walter, 55.
"Trial by Jury," Daniels, Frank, 148.
Twain, Mark, 96.
"Twelfth Night," Dixey, Henry E., 203, 204.
"Twentieth Century Girl," Daly, Dan, 175.
"Two Bad Men," Seabrooke, Thomas Q., 126, 127.
"Two Cadis," Barnabee, H. C., 184.
"Two Roses," DeAngelis, Jefferson, 244.
"Tzigane," DeAngelis, Jefferson, 253.

"U and I," Sykes, Jerome, 166.
"Under the Gaslight," Dixey, Henry E., 194.
"United States Mail," Jones, Walter, 56.
"Upside Down," Daly, Dan, 168, 169, 170, 174.

"Vacation," Daly, Dan, 169, 174.
"Very Little Faust and Too Much Marguerite," Harlan, Otis, 216.
"Vice Versa" (see "Little Puck").
"Viceroy," Barnabee, H. C., 187.
"Virginia Mummy," Wilson, Francis, 23.
Vokes Family, 51.
Vokes, Fred, 150.

"Walker, London," Powers, James T., 52, 53.
"Wall Street Bandit," Seabrooke, Thomas Q., 128.
Wallack, J. W., 274.
"Wang" (see "King Cole"), Hopper, DeWolf, 87.
Warfield, David, 105.
Warren, William, 45, 183.
"We, Us, and Co.," Jones, Walter, 55.
Weber and Fields, 66, 102, 114, 116, 117, 258, 261.
Weber, Joseph, 102.
"Wedding Day," DeAngelis, Jefferson, 254, 255.
Western, Lucille, 274.
Wheeler, "Punch," 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165.
"Whirl-I-Gig," Weber and Fields, 105, 106, 107.
Whitney, Myron, 186.
"Whittington and His Cat," Powers, James T., 51.
"Widow Bedot," Seabrooke, Thomas Q., 124.
"Widow Jones," Dailey, Peter F., 261.
Wilbur Opera Company, 159.
"Wild Oats," Wilson, Francis, 29.
Wiley, Dora, 95, 100, 101.
Williams, Fritz, 265.
Williams, Gus, 125.
Williams, Harry, 109.

Wills, Frank, 122.
Wilson, Francis, 18, 51, 139.
Winter, William, 34.
"Wizard of the Nile," Daniels, Frank, 143, 153.
Woolf, Benjamin, 184.
"World," Seabrooke, Thomas Q., 127.
"World of Trouble," Seabrooke, Thomas Q., 139.
Wright, George, 96.
Wyndham, Charles, 265.

"Yankee Doodle Dandy," Carle, Richard, 221.
Seabrooke, Thomas Q., 139.
"Yeoman of the Guard," Powers, James T., 52.
"Younger Son," Scott, Cyril, 272.

Zangwill, Israel, 221, 222.

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
3 1197 20370 5527

Date Due

All library items are subject to recall at any time.

JUL 12 2012

Brigham Young University